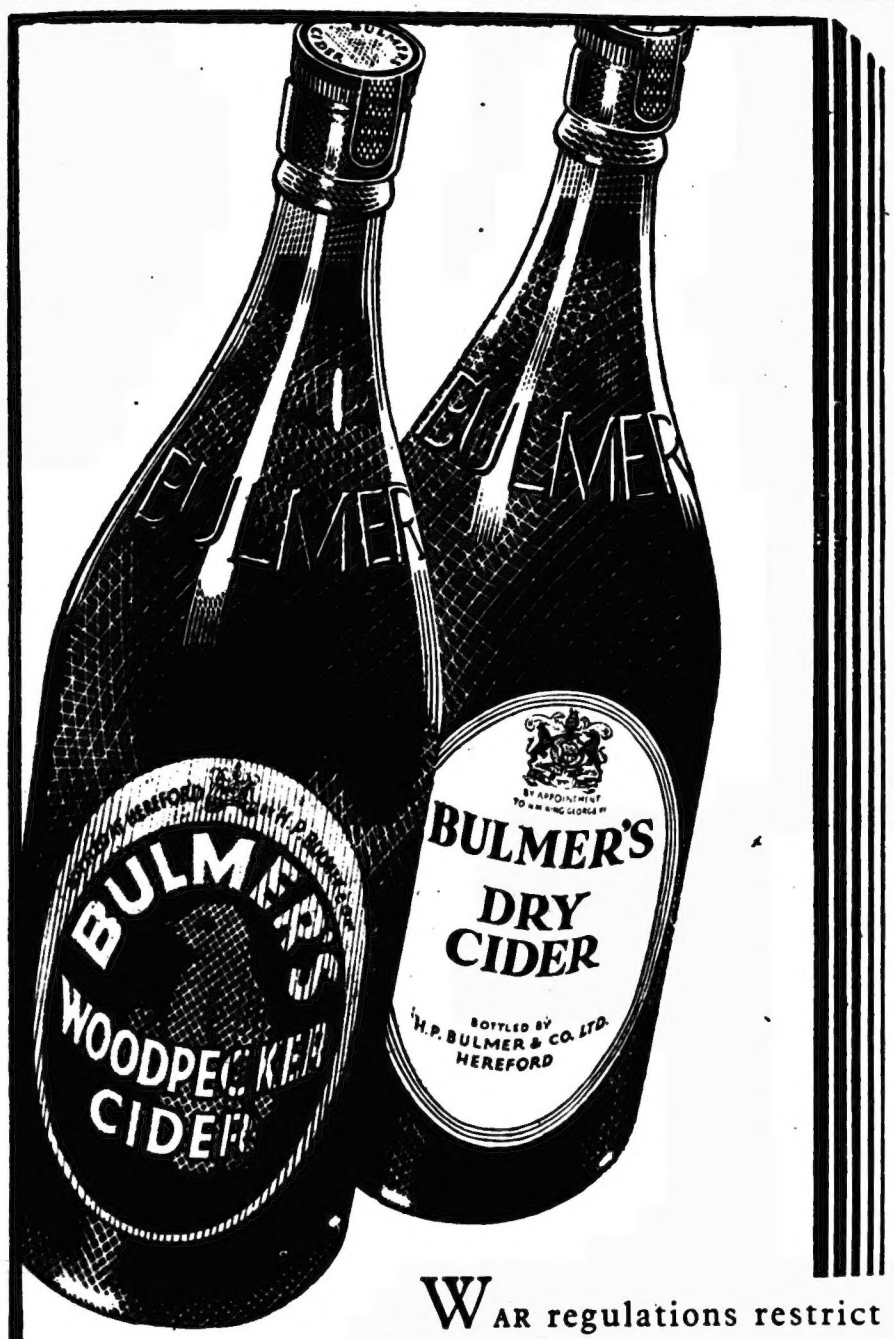
Week ending June 23 1945 THREEPENCE

JOHN BULL

Every Thursday

G.B.S.
on
QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR
See Centre Pages



WAR regulations restrict Bulmer's Cider to certain areas. Soon we hope Bulmer's will once again be greeting old friends and making new ones everywhere.

Bulmer's
CIDER

H. P. BULMER & CO LTD., HEREFORD

royds 75:D.

CHOCOLATE OATMEAL BISCUITS

—with chocolate filling

Here's what you need to make a dozen :

2½ oz. Fine Oatmeal, 2 oz. Lard, 5 oz. Flour, 1 teasp. Dried Egg, dry, 1 teasp. Bournville Cocoa, a few drops Vanilla Essence. 1-2 teasp. Sugar

Mix together flour, oatmeal, cocoa, dried egg and sugar. Then rub in lard. Mix to a stiff dough with milk and water. Add vanilla essence and knead well. Turn out, roll thinly and cut into shapes. Prick and bake on a greased baking sheet in a moderate oven for 10-15 minutes.

Here's the filling :

1½ tablesp. Bournville Cocoa, 1 dessertsp. Self Raising Flour, 1½ tablesp. Sugar, ¼ cup Milk

Mix cocoa, sugar and flour. Add milk gradually and bring to the boil. Beat until smooth. Allow to cool and use as filling for the biscuits when they have cooled on a wire tray.

CADBURYS
BOURNVILLE
Still Unrationed
COCOA

Defeat this enemy!

Diphtheria epidemics have followed the trail of battle all over Europe. But in Britain, thanks to scientific immunisation, great strides have been made in controlling this deadly disease. For every three children who died from diphtheria before the immunisation campaign started only one dies to-day. Yet four million children are still unprotected against this dangerous enemy. It is the duty of all parents to see that their children are properly safeguarded without more delay.

What do I do...?

I remember that diphtheria is most dangerous at ages under five; and that the best time for immunisation is just before the first birthday; but every child under 15 ought to be protected.

I ask at my children's school or at the local Council Offices or Welfare Centre for details of free immunisation, and arrange to have it done quickly.

Issued by the Ministry of Information

Space presented to the Nation by the Brewers' Society

Make Wright's the 'rule' for the Toilet and Nursery. Kind to the tenderest skin.

WRIGHTS COAL TAR SOAP

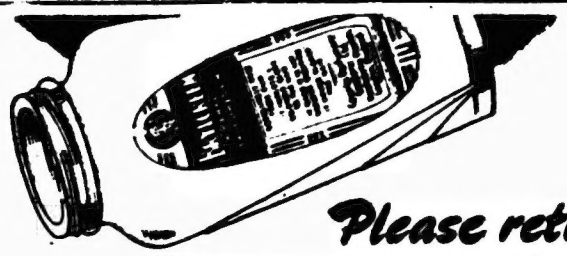
ONE TABLET ONE COUPON

Tortured types—No. 3

NO!...he didn't queue for sweets for his sweetie—and find he'd lost his points. He merely forgot to look for the "Sanforized" label when he bought his shirt. ("Sanforized" garments never shrink out of fit.) Ask to see this label when *you* buy washable wear: work clothes, frocks, shirts. It means the fabric *can't* shrink even 1%.

LOOK FOR THIS LABEL

Sanforized REG'D WILL NOT SHRINK OUT OF FIT



Please return

BRYLCREEM

bottles when empty

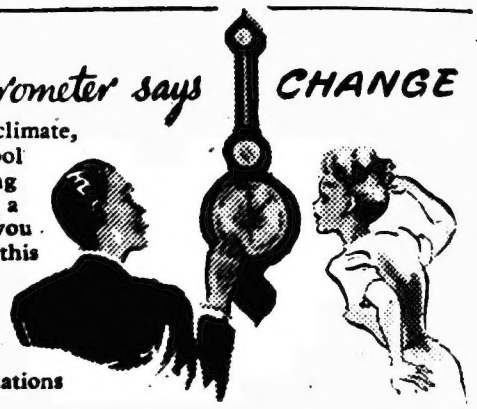
There is an acute shortage of bottles. So if you will return the empties to the shop where you get your Brylcreem it will help us to keep up supplies.

THANK YOU!

County Perfumery Co., Ltd., 17-19, Stratford Place, London, W.1 royds 813A

When the barometer says CHANGE

When you think of our climate, it's not surprising Wool is our national clothing fabric! Warm one day, a nip in the air the next—you need protection against this sort of thing, and Wool gives it. Wool maintains an even body temperature through all extremes and fluctuations of weather.



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Issued by the International Wool Secretariat.

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Make Life Brighter! by taking

VIRONITA

VYRO-NIGHT-A.

Non-Alcoholic

Suitable for Children

Your Chemist and Grocer sells it

M. CALTHORPE & Co. Ltd.,

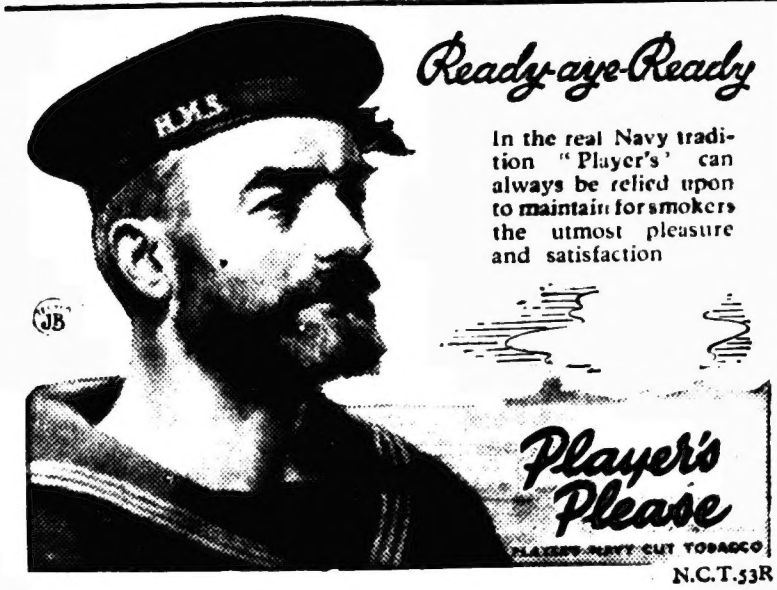
MANUFACTURING CHEMISTS, OSSETT

It's going to be good..

When Victory brings back our pleasant Peace time heritages, marvellous all-star world-wide Radio programmes will help banish the cares of war—how important then, to have a

MARCONIPHONE

the REAL THING in Radio



Ready-aye-Ready

In the real Navy tradition "Player's" can always be relied upon to maintain for smokers the utmost pleasure and satisfaction

Player's Please

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT TOBACCO

N.C.T.53R

If Nurses could only tell

A nurse doesn't have to be a dentist to know that dingy teeth are often taken for uncleaned teeth.

Keep your teeth "Colgate-clean" and you will not only keep them white and sparkling. You will keep your mouth fresh and fragrant. And there's nothing so irresistibly attractive as gleaming teeth in a fragrant mouth. 1/1 *Including Tax*

Play Safe! use

COLGATE

RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

Twice a day

June 23 1945 JOHN BULL Volume 77 Number 2036 93 Long Acre London WC2 Telephone Temple Bar 2468

Without Fear or Favour

FOOD, SUBSIDIES AND CONTROLS

THROUGHOUT THE WAR the price of food has been kept down by Government control and direct subsidies. These food subsidies now cost the taxpayer £225,000,000 a year. What is to happen in the future?

We may reasonably expect that the cost of imported food will come down. Shipping will become cheaper, and there will be no more losses from submarine action.

But imported food accounts for considerably less than a third of the total subsidy.

Fifteen and a half millions are spent on the National Milk Scheme. There is no question of reducing this expenditure. It must be continued and increased.

The remaining £139,000,000 —nearly two-thirds of the whole—go to the British farmer for home-produced food.

In return, British farmers have not only increased the level of home production by 70 per cent., but they have raised agricultural wages to a minimum of £3 10s. a week. Again there can be no question of allowing the farm workers' pay to slip back.

What chance, then, is there for the farming industry, and the marketing of food, to return to the old-fashioned basis of supply and demand?

SIR JOHN ANDERSON, Chancellor of the Exchequer, has said that the Government would continue the subsidies on food as long as it was necessary to keep the cost of living stable, but he had every hope that it would be found possible gradually to taper off those subsidies without any shock to our economic structure.

A pious hope. In practice there are only two ways it might be fulfilled.

One is by reducing the overheads, in the form of rents and mortgage charges—reducing, that is, the price of agricultural land, and preventing its sale for development.

The other is by forcing the farmers to adopt yet more efficient and intensive methods of production.

Both of these ways would require the permanent establishment of controls.

The Editor

EUROPE NEEDS A FIVE YEAR PLAN

Germany a Going Concern. Waring Reopens Ruhr. Bomber Harris' Future. Jobs for All. Sherlock Holmes College. Film Magnates Arrive. Cricket Cup Final

"THE THREE," formerly known as the Big Three, will have enough to talk about when they meet next month—probably in Berlin, and with Attlee as an observer by way of insurance against the defeat of the "Caretakers."

Stalin, Truman and Churchill have to frame policies which, it was supposed, had already been moulded at Yalta: chiefly concerning the future administration of occupied Germany.

Urgent necessity is the organisation of industrial and agricultural production in Germany with a twofold aim: first, and short term, to overcome the food and fuel famine threatening next winter; second, and long term, to curtail Germany's capacity to produce munitions, while augmenting her output of the peacetime goods on which Europe's standard of living so largely depends.

The U.S.E.

That long-term aim is by no means so contradictory as appears at first sight, for the secret is to dovetail German industry with that of the rest of Europe.

Stalin, of all men, should have no difficulty in getting The Three to agree to a Five Year Plan of production, treating all Europe as one economic unit—which geography meant it to be.

No one has yet shown any other way by which peace and prosperity can be brought within the grasp of this generation.

The "United States of Europe," reached from the economic and not the political angle, is not a mere ideal for starry-eyed enthusiasts. It is downright common-sense, but we still lack machinery to implement any decisions "The Three" may take.

"The Hop"

SICK MAN Harry Hopkins, despite severe physical handicaps and recurring operations, has done much to transform the Allied occupation into something productive.

He was Roosevelt's right-hand man and, though still ill and in pain, remains to carry out peaceful policies from the constructive brain of Truman.

Hopkins's worth is that he can expound Truman's ideas successfully to Stalin. It was he who made possible the Polish unity talks. And when "The Three" meet, he will be in the background.

Ruhr, Unlimited

WILLIAM WARING arrives in the bomb-flattened rubble heap once styled "the Ruhr." His job is to run the iron and steel industry in British-occupied Germany.

Waring, as Ministry of Supply's representative in Sweden from 1940, organised a fleet of fast motorships to run the blockade with ball-bearings, Swedish speciality.

He hopes to get Ruhr production going in six months—"otherwise," he says, "there'll be chaos and starvation."

Continent's Coal

Ruhr plus Rhineland used to provide more than half Europe's coal.

British mining experts are on the job. German miners are going Ruhrwards from concentration camps, where Nazis put them for their politics; and from prisoner-of-war camps, whence the British are demobilising them.

A continent will shiver next winter unless they can give output.

Philatelists' Paradise

PRESENCE OF Douglas MacArthur, commanding the Allied land forces in the Pacific, underlined the importance of the Australian D-Day on Labuan and British North Borneo—heaven of schoolboys who collect pretty postage stamps.

AS SEEN BY GEORGE WHITELAW

Liberty looms ahead for Japan's British war prisoners as great Allied offensives develop. Lord Louis Mountbatten (left) mounts a thrust from Burma as Gen. MacArthur (right) strikes at Borneo, cuts Jap lifelines

Allied airfields on this huge tropical island will make possible the severing of Japan's sea routes to Singapore and Batavia, giving Lord Louis Mountbatten the green light for his invasion of Malaya from Burma.

But Okinawa has led us to expect long, fierce resistance from possibly 100,000 Japanese who, amply equipped and living on the country, will fight to the death.

Peaceful Skies

THE PUBLIC WILL BE SORRY to hear that health reasons may prevent "Bomber" Harris, the Air Chief Marshal who got Knight Grand Cross of the Bath in the Victory Honours, falling in with the Prime Minister's idea that he should go east to direct the blitz on Japan.

An overseas governorship awaits him, if he wants it.

"Ike's Shadow," Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Tedder, is marked down for a special seat on the Air Council, with research and development as his concern. He will probably become Chief of the Air Staff when Sir Charles Portal retires.

Discipline Fetish

Why are the R.A.F. high-ups insisting that operational air crews shall be all regimental in their talks over the inter-com.?

In the inferno over Tokyo, "Skipper" and "Ginger" are more human than formal titles of rank—and no less effective.

In fact, it was the comradely familiarity that helped build our bomber crews into such efficient teams, and it will not be easy to change a practice that has become a tradition in the R.A.F.

Also it was a practice that never hurt discipline. Anyone who has travelled with a bomber crew on a operational flight knows that. Is this another case of the "high-ups" not being in touch with the men who do the fighting?

HOME SECURITY

The Ministry of Home Security has ceased to function, but "John Bull" continues to offer HOME SECURITY to every reader.

Generous Free Insurance Benefits include protection against FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, LIGHTNING and BURGLARY.

Freeing India

CHANGES IN THE make-up of the Viceroy's Executive are proposed by the London Cabinet, following Viceroy Lord Wavell's visit.

Dropping the present practice that three members of the Executive shall have ten years' service under the Crown in India, the Viceroy is to choose, from names submitted by Indian political leaders, an Executive giving balanced representation of the main communities, including equal proportions of Moslems and Hindus.

Only non-Indians would be the Viceroy himself, and the Commander-in-Chief as War Member.

Interesting sequel, if the Indians respond—as surely they will do, in the light of the release of the political prisoners—will be that India will have her own Foreign Minister and overseas diplomatic corps.

Obsession

IVONE KIRKPATRICK, whom Sir William Strang succeeded as Montgomery's Political Adviser, is to transfer his activities to the new foreign publicity department. He made a success of the B.B.C.'s war-time overseas broadcasts.

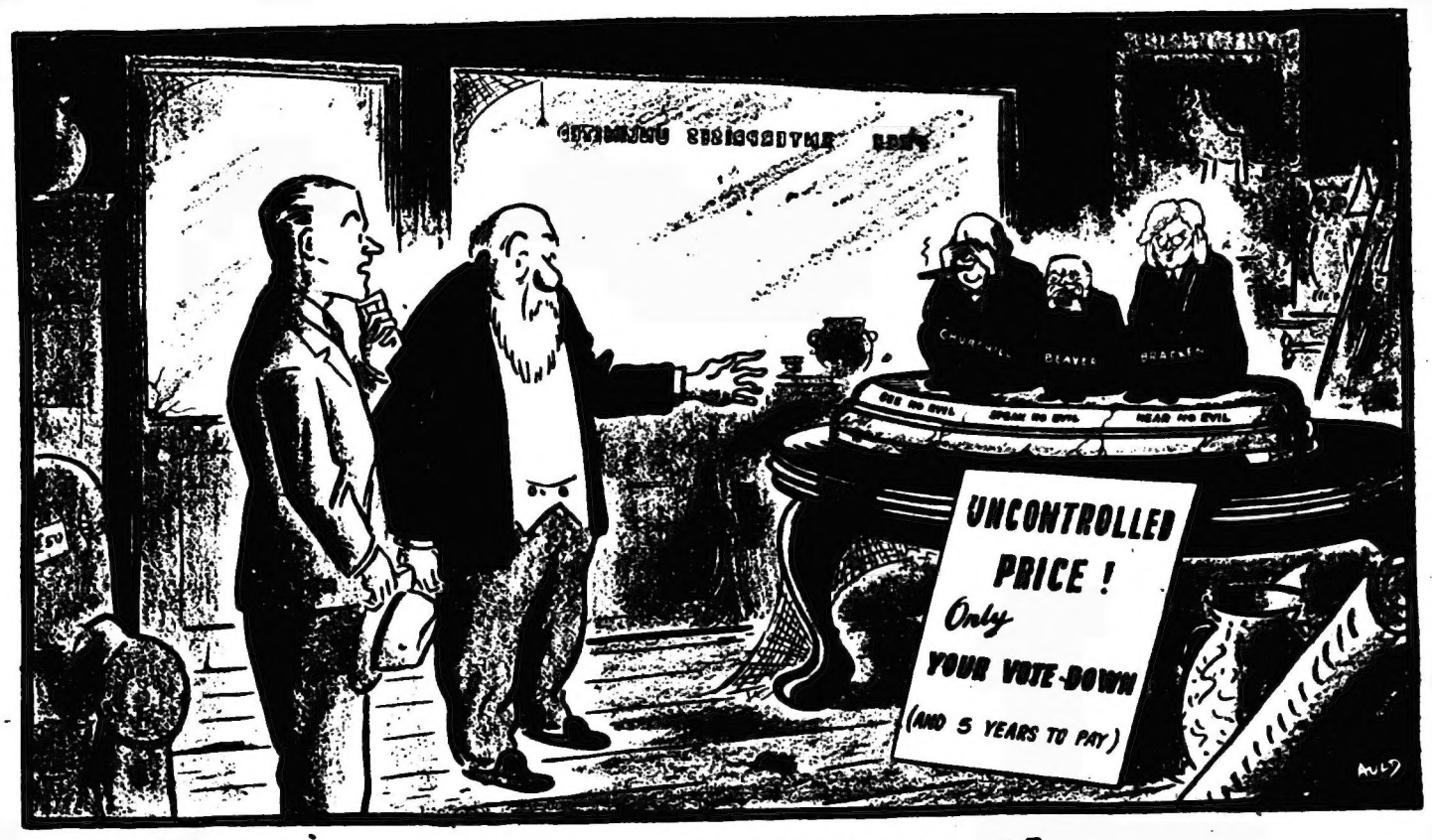
Since Queen Elizabeth's day the Foreign Office has had an obsession—the "balance of power," according to which Britain must take sides against the strongest Continental nation.

And now Russia—for keeps!—is the strongest Continental nation. What is more, Britain (in an age of V-weapons) is now on the Continent. The Foreign Office will have to forget its centuries-old obsession.

Averting Chaos

"JOBS FOR ALL" is an election issue, and Hugh Dalton's policy as Coalition President of the Board of Trade is helping industry's switch-over to peace.

Surplus State war factories in once distressed areas like South Wales and West Cumberland have already been leased to the makers of things like



"HAVEN'T YOU ANYTHING ELSE ?"

watches, dentures, cellulose yarn, sports and games accessories, rubber and plastics.

Dalton's Distribution of Industry Act, now law, will avert unemployment by bringing the jobs to the workers.

Munitions Fade Out

Size of the "jobs for all" problem was indicated by Lyttelton, Dalton's successor as President of the Board of Trade, who said the munition army touched peak in late 1943 at 4,250,000; fell to 4,000,000 mid-1944; 3,750,000, end 1944; and 3,250,000 now.

This time next year the Japanese war will need only 2,250,000 munition workers. Allowing for a million demobilised men, in the next twelve months a couple of million jobs have to be found —fewer, if women and other war workers choose to quit industry.

Picking and Choosing

The problem ought to be less one of finding jobs than of picking them—of giving priorities. Housing, obviously; also the exports with which we must buy needed food and raw materials from abroad.

Priorities involve controls. Under decontrol, first show might be given to luxury output as more profitable—hotels before houses, limousines before perambulators.

But the claims of badly needed domestic goods must be balanced against the imperative modernisation of British factory and mine machinery.

Nancy and Bill

LADY ASTOR and Will Thorne, who have ceased to be M.P's, were stars in the second longest Parliament in history (the Long Parliament, forcibly dissolved by Cromwell in 1653, went 12 years and five months).

Lady Astor was the first woman to take her seat in the House of Commons. Thorne—now a right honourable—was the only Labour M.P. with continuous membership from 1906.

Clynes, former Home Secretary, also went to the House in 1906, but his membership was interrupted by electoral defeat in 1931.

One's Own Germs

ROBERT SCOTT STEVENSON, the ear, nose and throat specialist, has come back on leave from the R.A.M.C. at Gibraltar to contest the only Communist-held constituency in the late Parliament—Gallacher's in West Fife.

He once told the New Health Society that one Briton in three was more or less deaf.

Blaming for some of it "the modern style of swimming, in which the face is mostly under water, also the craze for deep and fancy diving," he explained that it wasn't other people's germs in the baths that did the mischief: it was one's own forced by the water from nose or throat up into the ear!

The Arts

COUNCIL FOR THE Encouragement of Music and the Arts is to continue after the war as the Arts Council of Great Britain, not a Government Department, but sponsored in Parliament by the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Lord Keynes, present chairman, says A.C.G.B. will carry the arts through the countryside and also maintain metropolitan standards — though without censoring anybody or anything.

This is one of those things they order better in France, from which country A.C.G.B. might pick up a few wrinkles.

Detective Science

HUGH YOUNG, Deputy Assistant Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police and chief of the C.I.D., wants to make Hendon Police College (which reopens this month with a refresher course for detectives) bigger and more important: in fact, national and not merely metropolitan.

Young, only man who ever rose from constable on the beat to D.A.C., holds another record: never once, in any case he tackled, did he fail to find a solution and get a conviction.

The Home Office backs his plan for a central police college on the ground that the technique of detection has been revolutionised by scientific developments like radio and medical research.

Fifth Estate

CLARENCE T. A. SADD, vice-chairman of the Midland Bank, who is one of the new knights, once told an audience of bank officers that "many a bank loan is made on a man's face"—though that didn't absolve branch managers from getting to know all about the man behind the face.

Sadd, honorary treasurer of the Lawn Tennis Association and a keen player of the game, started as a clerk in the bank of which he is now virtual head, under Lord Linlithgow as chairman.

Home Work

FLORENCE HANCOCK, tireless champion of her sex, and Violet Markham, welfare expert, have brought domestic work into the sphere of practical politics. Their scheme, published in a Ministry of Labour White Paper, is full of human interest.

The idea is to provide trained domestic workers for all households needing them, not merely for those that can afford to "keep a maid."

Features of the plan are proper living and welfare conditions, tax relief for employers, and compulsion on local authorities to meet the needs of hard-pressed, but poor, housewives.

Buyers, Beware!

DEMOBILISED MEN are being offered dud businesses at fancy prices by sharks who, apparently, know how to keep within the law while boosting future prospects, glossing over past losses, and even producing misleading figures.

There always have been mugs, and there always will be crooks; yet help and advice are gladly given to would-be shopkeepers by the Ministry of Labour or the local British Legion.

Pay for Whoopee

Another "mug" demobilisation riddle less easy to remedy is that of released prisoners of war now at a loose end in South Coast towns pending shipment home to America or the Dominions.

Ample pay arrears plus a natural wish for whoopee after incarceration end in many of these fellows being mercilessly fleeced. JOHN BULL's Special Commissioner last week saw one South African, in a dazed state, thrust a wad of notes into a woman's hands and tell her to go off and enjoy herself.

Couldn't the authorities pay out reasonable weekly amounts and remit the balance to the men when they get home?

Bebe and Ben

AMONG THE GRANDEST friends this country ever had, Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon have gone back to America for a few months; he on a military mission, both to take a look at their children.

During three years of "Hi! Gang," Bebe and Ben took only £25 a show as payment for their services—and gave that to the Cigarettes for the Army Fund, which their means permitted them to do.

Prodigal with their time, meticulous with their standards, they came to love this country so much that, blitz or no blitz, they couldn't leave it till the job was done.

Film Galaxy

EISENHOWER is entertaining as guests in Europe a party of the biggest shots from Hollywood, including millionaires (in dollars, at any rate), reputed millionaires and near-millionaires.

Darryl Zanuck, Jack Warner, Edgar Mannix, Harry Cohn, Barney Balaban and the rest are visiting battlefields and concentration camps. The British Government will entertain them on their way home.

Cricket Die-Hards

COUNTY CRICKET has lost by the postponement of the Lancashire suggestion that a Knock-out Club Competition should be held next season.

The Die-Hards of the game are outraged at the bare idea of a Cricket Cup Final in Lord's sacrosanct enclosure, but the sporting public would welcome a change from the boredom of three-day matches, many of them ending in a draw.

A competition might save many counties having to appeal to their members to make up pecuniary deficits at the end of every season.

Casualty List

CARE OF THE wounded in modern war is depicted in the "Out from the Battle" exhibition sponsored by the *Daily Herald* at Clarence House, The Mall, until July 31.

One section shows how our men are being kept fit in tropical jungles in the Far East. Proceeds of admission, 1s. go to the Red Cross and the Army Benevolent Fund.

Feminine Mediocrity

INTELLIGENCE TESTS reported in the *British Medical Journal* show the average of boys and girls the same, with wider dispersion from the average in the case of boys: in other words, more boys than girls are really brainy, and more are downright stupid.

History, concurring, says that if the Miltons, Newtons and Mozarts are male, so are the Herods, Borgias and Crippens.

He Makes the Wheels Go Round

HARRY FERGUSON is coming to Europe from Ford's American organisation to create a plant for producing 1,000 tractors and 10,000 farm implements a day, by way of solving the problem of feeding a war-torn continent.

This Ulsterman, now in his fifties, combines modest physical stature with abundant vision and tireless energy.

His job in World War I was to keep Ireland's scanty farm machinery in efficient working order. Appalled at the frequent fractures, he set himself after the war to produce improved designs of farm mechanism.

He put his plans in 1920 before Henry Ford and was told to "come back when he had perfected them." Smiling and undaunted, he returned to Belfast, evolved the "Ferguson system" and put it up to Ford eighteen years after the first interview. This time, Ford accepted.

During the present war his tractor has been coming in hundreds of thousands off the assembly lines in America. Now he starts the wheels turning and the tracks revolving in Europe.

Mr. Charles Burge, Abbey Road, Washford, Somerset, railway worker: I believe in being able to pick my own job. My formula is—pay a man a basic living wage, then increase it according to ability. Management and labour must work together, and this should be possible without hampering controls.

Mrs. J. Creacal, Telfer Avenue Manchester, housewife: I want social security to the full for all. When a person is in need, help should be a right. The country spent £15,000,000 a day on war—surely, having freed other countries, we can afford a part of this to free our own people from want now peace has come.

Mr. L. Harding, Glebe Gardens, New Malden, Surrey, photographic printer: Our major problems are coal and housing. In the pre-war years we had the greatest-ever depression. It is time another party was given a chance. The favoured few represent only those whose first and last consideration is profit for themselves at any price.

Mrs. Hodge, Abbotsbury Gardens, Eastcote, Middlesex, housewife: I want peace—at home and between nations. I remember being shelled on the East Coast in the last war, and in this have been through all London's air raids. As long as I live I never want to hear another bang in the cause of democracy or anything else.

Mr. Cyril Adams, Chaldon Way, Surrey, Hon. Secretary, Grain Trades Clerks' Association: Give us a higher standard of living and rights for all to minimum needs in food, clothing and shelter, free from the merciless grip of interest and profit. Disabled people must be treated generously and the elderly given comfort in retirement

Mrs J. Swain, London Road, Leicester, housewife: I want a national policy for modern labour-saving houses for families of all sizes. But private interests must not wreck the scheme for profit. Nationalisation of mines, railways, gas and electricity—all are vitally necessary to our rebuilding.

THIS IS THE VOICE OF THE VOTER

AFTER SEVERAL DAYS of trying to find out what people think of the election, I've come to one conclusion—if you want to know you've got to *ask*. If you don't *ask*, people will talk to you about anything else under the sun rather than about the most fateful election in the history of Democracy.

Is this apathy? Do the British people care nothing for politics?

I think not.

Is it, then, that we care a good deal, but are inclined, each one of us, to hide our thoughts?

I don't think it's that, either.

If you ask me, I think it's just this—that with the first stage of a five years' war safely behind us, we're not going to get het up about any mere domestic conflict.

This election is our own private "war," and however hard we mean to fight it, we know it will be quite happy and cosy in contrast with the other one.

Up North, in Leeds, they haven't yet got warmed up to the talking stage.

Election? I had to go round reminding people, like, before they would part up about it.

The blunt Yorkshireman I spoke to in the arcades seemed almost indignant that I should bother him:

"Election? What's to get excited about? We was told to keep calm in the war, wasn't we? We was told to tek it. Well, we took it. An' us can tek a bit of a job like this without fussin'."

Said a young soldier: "I'm just home from Germany. Prisoner of war for five years. I can't lose my temper over an election."

Churchill Without His Party

In Southampton, focus of England's "Deep South," it was much the same.

I listened, saying nothing myself, in hotel, tram, station, café. Nobody mentioned the election. I had to give them their cue.

But then I got some unexpected things.

"This is what men do!" exclaimed the mother of four children. "No *woman* would start an election at a time like this."

"I reckon," said a man standing by, "somebody's pulled a fast one. I'm not interested."

An older man cut in.

"Can't take any interest, eh?" he said. "Well, I can. I saw what happened after the last war because people couldn't take any interest. They let a lot of crooked profiteers seize power, 'hat's what not taking any interest did."

"However we vote," said the first man, "we shall find in six months' time it was the wrong way. It'll be our fault, too. It always is."

A little later I came upon a clue to this feeling of lack of interest and indecision. A man on the top of a tram said in a few words what I'd heard many other people say in very many words. "How can I vote? I want a Socialist Government, but I want Churchill as our leader. So what?"

A teashop argument went the same way.

The first man said: "This is the point—could we have done much without Churchill in the war?" A friend of his replied "No. But what could he have done without us?"

But a sailor near the docks was in no mood of indecision. "I tell you what," he said, "the crew's going to take charge of the ship at last."

Servicemen's Views

"Who do you think will win the election?"

I put the question to a plump man in a bewildering red, white and blue tie.

"What do you put your money on?" he asked. "The best horse, don't you? Which is the best horse? Get me? Easy."

I went up North again.

In Yorkshire I found them canny.

"If our next Parliament lasts five year, owd Churchill will be seventy-five. I'm none so sure it's a good buy, lad."

A Lancashire man laughed grimly.

"Shouting each other down, pretty fierce like, eh? They'll all be working together as nice as pie in a week or two. Tha'll see."

A Potteries man spoke quietly, but there was a sort of threatening bitterness in his words.

"It's what's 'appened in the last ten years, not what'll be said in the last ten minutes, that'll settle their hash. They can save their wireless speeches. Our minds is made up."

I struck one very novel Northern viewpoint.

"My dad says he'll vote for anyone who'll cure unemployment," said a young weaver, "but I tell him straight—the only chap as ever cured unemployment in this country was 'Itler."

"What are the Services saying?" I asked a man home on leave.

"You ought to hear them," he said. "They're awake, all right. Solid Labour, except me."

"Why except you?" I asked.

He grinned.

"Way I look at it, Labour stands for too much bossing about. Security? Yes, but you've got to do what you're told. Well, me, after five years I want to do something *I* say in the future, even if I've only a farthing in my pocket and have to sleep in a field. I've done a bit of that since I was in the Army, and it's none too bad."

I passed on this to another Serviceman.

"Well," he said, "I can understand his feeling. Thinks old Ernie Bevin's a bit of a sergeant-major, eh? But I tell you what, if I've got to take orders—and we all have, one way or another, that's life—well, as I say, if I've got to take orders I'd far sooner be taking them from our Ernie than from some Lord Tomnoddy of the Grand Amalgamated International Cartels Incorporated. Ernie'll give me a square deal. I'm not so sure of the other bloke."

"I get you," I said. "Who's going to win?"

"Who'll win?" He laughed. "Well, we know that, don't we? Whole world's going left. Not just us. The whole world."

Man With a Scythe

I went to the very heart of England, to the country round Oxford, where it's all very quiet and green, and if you start election talk the leaves seem to say hush-hush.

Oh, the election? There was talk in plenty, but not to a stranger. The election? Ah, yes. A fine thing, perhaps. A great pity, maybe.

But the election was there. It lay beneath every mention of prices, wages, crops.

And from an old man with a scythe I got the last word.

"What sort of a Government do you want?" I asked.

He took out his pipe, looked at it, prodded it, stuck it back between his teeth and inspected the top of a silver cloud two miles away.

"I want a Government that's going to work fer me an' all the young 'uns coming up," he said. "I want to see 'em get a real chance at last, chance o' decent life under decent conditions. It's no easy job. I'm not one to think it can all be done in a couple o' minutes. But up to now we never had a Government that tried. And 'tis the will that matters.

"No Tory Government can help thinkin' o' the big men first. But it's the little men, I say, as wants thinkin' of. There's so many more on us. This time we *must* have a Labour Government. Who else can think fer you an' me?"

I nodded and we fell silent.

My old friend with the scythe had summed things up.

LESSONS FOR CANDIDATES

Usually at Election time the candidate tells the voter. On this page the voter tells the candidate. A JOHN BULL reporter has been touring the country to find out what people hope their votes will bring. What would you have said if he'd happened to ask you?

OPEN LETTERS

Frau Waltraut von Bohlen,

Of the Family of Krupp, of Essen

MADAM,—You have the cool cheek to ask that the Essen arsenal of Krupps, nationalised by Hitler, shall be restored to your family.

Your impudent request is worthy of the daughter of that Frau Krupp who gave her Christian name to "Big Bertha," most formidable weapon produced by Germany in the last war.

Your parents entertained Hitler as an honoured guest long before his political position was assured. Your family, with that of Thyssen, financed the Nazis on the strength of their promise—alas! only too scrupulously honoured—of a vast new programme of German rearmament.

Your father proudly displayed the "Golden Service Medal" of the Nazi Party, even exulted that one of his sons had met a "hero's death" for Fuehrer and Fatherland.

Hitler for years exempted Krupp's from the high taxation he imposed on other firms. He decreed nationalisation only when the bomb damage exceeded Krupp's unaided capacity to repair.

Reckon, if you can, how many mothers' sons have been slain with Krupp weapons since Krupp's began; and then ask yourself what consideration your accursed family merits at the hands of outraged mankind.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. John Stephenson,

President, National Federation of Building Trades Operatives

DEAR SIR,—The public, which wants many houses built in a short time, will be reassured by the attitude of the building workers as expressed on the agenda for your conference next week.

I expected you to declare for the control of the supply and prices of materials, also for the laying down of new capital plant to expand the output of materials.

I anticipated you would insist on contractors giving guarantees of their ability to undertake work. Nor does it surprise me that you want demobilisation timed to fit the release of technicians with that of operatives.

Joint Production Committees, of which you require the extension, speeded war production through ensuring that workers' experience and ingenuity went into the pool. And the public will endorse your demand that cost-plus-profit contracts give place to the priced bill of quantities.

But I am really heartened by the proposal that your Federation associate itself with the demand for more mechanisation, especially the provision of power-operated

General de Gaulle is invited to honour a three year old pledge

hand tools; also those for an increase in the number and quality of supervisory and technical staffs, and the prominent display of time-and-progress schedules on all jobs.

Clearly the housing programme won't be impeded by any narrow sectionalism on the workers' part. They, in turn, should be able to feel confident that the industry will afford them uninterrupted employment for at least a decade.—JOHN BULL.

General de Gaulle

DEAR GENERAL,—You have a hard row to hoe, and I should hate to say anything that would add to your difficulties. But don't you think the reputation you made for yourself after 1940 would be enhanced if you were now to implement your pledge of three years ago—that France, once freed, should have a National Assembly elected by universal suffrage?

During the dark days, you inspired the Resistance Movement in Metropolitan France, organised the upsurge of patriotic forces in the colonies. Your place in history is secure. Why not let other men—a Blum, for example, or an Herriot—share with you the burden of ruling France in this difficult epoch?

After all, with the German war at an end there is no longer any necessity—either in France or Britain—for a continuance of what the Nazis called "the Fuehrer principle": the doctrine that a nation is governed better by a dictator than by an elective body.

France never did take kindly to that principle. Even the two Napoleons got away with it only so long as foreign aggression, designed to hide domestic failure, was successful.

Because I believe free elections now would be to the lasting benefit of Franco-British relations, I invite you at long last to honour your pledge.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. H. M. Harwood,

Company Chairman

DEAR SIR,—You told the Fine Cotton Spinners' Association that the re-equipment of cotton mills had two main objectives: the substitution of machine power for man power; and, as a consequence of increased output, improved conditions for the fewer workers employed.

But why should improved machinery benefit only the industry concerned—in better conditions for the retained workers, also (though you do not say so) in higher profits? Should not the whole community benefit in cheaper goods?

And what is to happen to the workers displaced by the new machines? If this is not your affair, whose affair is it?

The matter is urgent, because not only cotton is affected by ceaseless technical advance which can no more be stopped than Canute could stop the tide. Coal, agriculture—every industry is affected, and in each case the symptom is more output from fewer workers.

Britain needs an Economic General Staff to collect information about pending labour shifts and to reallocate labour in accordance with a scheme of production priorities prescribed by the Government of the day. The Staff should raise the capital needed for re-equipping industries and ensure that some of the benefits of re-equipment accrue to the public in lower prices.—JOHN BULL.

Human Machine

The First Enemy

NO MAN IN HISTORY, probably, has done more for his country, only to have defamation and detraction follow him down the centuries, than Oliver Cromwell. Nevertheless, he had one staunch admirer, whose word we can take against the word of many lesser people. That admirer was the poet, John Milton. He said of Oliver Cromwell what any of us would be proud to have said about us in days to come:

"He was a soldier, disciplined to perfection in a knowledge of himself. He had either extinguished, or by habit learned, to subdue the whole host of vain hopes, fears and passions which infest the soul. He first acquired the government of himself, so that, on the first day he took the field against the external enemy, he was a veteran in arms."

High praise, that; and remember particularly those words: "He first acquired the government of himself."

Man's first foe has always been himself; and until that foe is subdued and under very firm rein, no other enemy can ever be tackled with hope of success, whether the enemy be outside irritations, difficulties, obstructions, or people with whom we do not "get on."

How can we ever hope to get on with other people when we cannot even come to terms with ourselves?

"Know thyself!" is one of the earliest admonitions of which we have record. It has never been bettered, since to know yourself is the first essential preliminary to governing yourself. And that you must learn to do unless you are going to drop right out of the fight.

Argument

Universities are constituencies and return members to Parliament. Is this democratic?

SHOULD THE UNIVERSITY VOTE BE ABOLISHED?

yes

1. The main qualification for entrance to a University is that you can pay the fees.

2. If the Universities send representatives to Parliament, why shouldn't the Workers' Educational Association or the Technical Colleges?

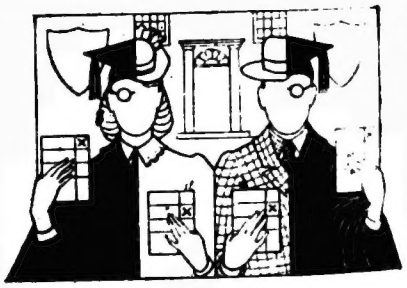
3. Universities may confer knowledge, but a self-taught working man may have more real wisdom than a professor with a dozen degrees.

4. The "old man" vote dominates the University poll. Thus at a time when many of the best brains in Britain are collectivists, the Universities have never returned a Socialist candidate.

5. The quality of University members has tended to be low. London University, to its everlasting shame, rejected H. G. Wells.

6. The member for a University has undue political influence in its affairs, and may abuse this.

7. Even were entrance to the Universities on democratic lines, there would be no case for giving graduates an extra vote, and since the Universities are, in fact, class institutions, the case against is overwhelming.



no

1. The Universities are the custodians of a growing body of knowledge which is the core of our civilisation. They recognise no qualities but the ability to think clearly.

2. They also guard the professional standards which protect the citizen against the unqualified pretender to knowledge.

3. For these reasons it is right that they should play a part in the making of our laws.

4. While it is true that the son of rich parents still has a better chance of University training than the poor man's son, this position is rapidly changing. The Universities are no longer the citadels of caste.

5. At the present time half the University members are Progressives of one type or another.

6. A brilliant man is not necessarily the best representative. The list of University members, viewed as a whole, is impressive.

7. In a commercial age it is desirable that pure scholarship should have direct representation in the legislative assembly.

FRATERNISATION BAN: WHY IT CAME WHY IT MUST GO

by A. G. GARDINER

THERE IS NO MORE pressing problem left by the war than that which centres in the "non-fraternisation" order. It is a social problem, a political problem and a human problem.

It needs to be faced candidly and squarely and at once. Above all, it needs to be faced by the Allies with a common policy.

Nothing can be worse than that one standard of conduct should prevail in Berlin and another in Cologne; that in one place the late foes should mingle on the playing fields and in another they should be separated by a moral barbed-wire fence. Whatever the solution, it should be universally applied.

One reason for the original issue of the order was emotional. When Germany was first invaded at Aachen, public opinion, especially in America, was shocked at photographs of the victorious soldiers drinking tea and shaking hands with the conquered people.

It was felt that there ought to be an interval of austerity between dropping bombs and blowing kisses.

Cramming Home Their Defeat

Moreover, wasn't this friendliness of the enemy a part of the German technique? "If we lose the war, we shall organise sympathy."

But the chief reason for the order was political. This war had come largely because the German people had been convinced that they were not beaten in the last war, and that if they tried again they would win.

This "fairy tale," as Fieldmarshal Montgomery calls it, was believed because after 1918 Germany suffered none of the visible consequences of defeat. She was not invaded. No enemy army occupied her territory (except in the Rhineland), and not a drop of German blood was shed on her own soil.

This time there was to be no mistake. The fact of defeat was to be driven home beyond question. It was evidenced by a hundred shattered cities. But that was not enough.

It was to be emphasised by the stern bearing of the conquering army towards the conquered people. The legend of German invincibility was to be destroyed beyond any possibility of resurrection.

As a temporary expedient the order was right. The war was not over. Much grim fighting was ahead and the proper attitude of the Army was one of unbending resolution.

British Soldiers are Bad Haters

The instruction to the soldiers to avoid "mingling with Germans upon terms of friendliness, familiarity or intimacy whether individually or in groups, in official or unofficial dealings," was a wise measure.

But the observance of the order put a severe strain upon the natural impulses of the men. They were forbidden to visit a German home, shake hands with Germans, play games with them, give or accept gifts, attend German dances, accompanying Germans to theatres or taverns, discuss or argue with them, especially on politics or the future of Germany.

The British soldier is not a good hater, and this monastic life went very much against the grain.

There have, of course, been many breaches of the order. In one army group last month 330 officers and men were arrested and brought to trial for violating it. And it is probable that more offences go unpunished than are brought to light. But as a temporary measure the order was justified.

As a permanent measure, however, it is unthinkable, and no time should be lost in getting rid of it. There are two main grounds on which it calls for removal.

The first is in the interests of the soldier himself. It is all very well, as a military critic of the order observes, to desire to send the German nation to a moral Coventry, but at present those who suffer most hardship from non-fraternisation are Allied soldiers themselves.

It would be difficult to imagine a more depressing and restricted life than that lived day by day by the occupation forces in Germany.

They are essentially a police garrison living in barracks and cut off from all social contact with the world around them. They have no escape from themselves or from the routine of Army life.

Their amusements are limited to those of the mess, and an Army cinema. They cannot visit a café without risking a breach of the order. They are denied the relaxation of a dance, for there is no female society in which they are permitted to mix.

Normal Life for Exiles

The Army does its best to provide recreations and schemes of education which will exercise the mind. But it is the relaxations of life that are wholly missing.

The men are not merely exiled in body. They are exiled in spirit.

The non-fraternisation order should be rescinded and the men should be permitted to live a normal life in the community in which their lot is cast.

That was done after the last war in the case of the men who occupied the Rhineland, and it was done with entire success. It has been done by the Russians in this war. Surely it is enough to clear out the Nazis and be on civil terms with the rest.

The political reason for cancelling the order is no less weighty and urgent. The German nation must bear its share of responsibility for the unspeakable crimes committed by the Nazis in its name. And it must pay the price.

But the price must not be eternal exclusion from civilised society. All our hopes now are centred on the construction of a new world order which will prevent the recurrence of the Terror through which we have passed.

Outcasts are Unregenerate

If those hopes are to be realised there must, in due time, be a place in the order for a penitent and regenerated Germany.

Her crimes must be expiated and her power for evil extinguished. But she must have hope in the future. She must know that if, in Mr. Churchill's phrase, she "works her passage home," room will be found for her in the new society of nations.

Nothing will hinder that process and recovery more than the feeling that she is an irreclaimable social outcast. Nothing will promote it more than the appeal to what is good in her.

And there is no medium through which that appeal can be made so effectively as the Allied Forces which for years to come will control her affairs.

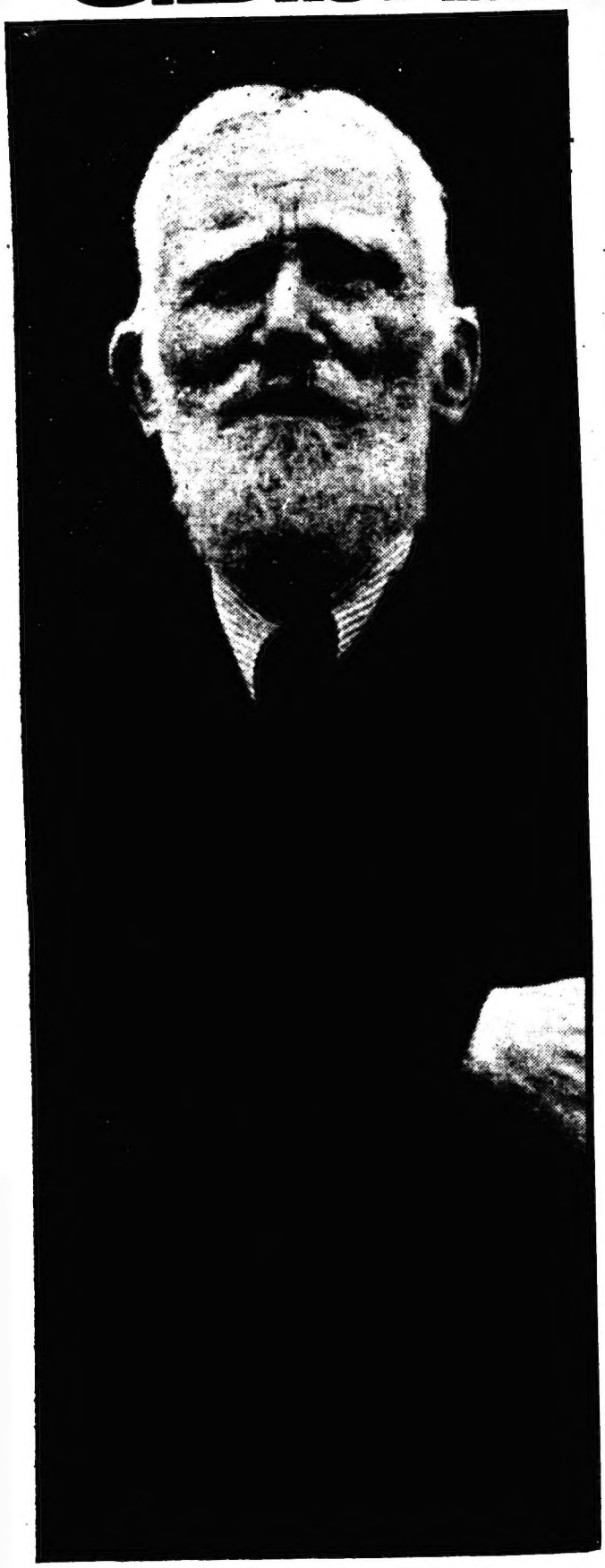
But they must drop the rôle of gaoler and give her a friendly lead into the paths of peace and reconciliation.

The existing order cannot be permanently enforced. Let us make a virtue of necessity and get rid of it at once. I am glad to see that it has been relaxed in the case of kindnesses to children. That is good. It is the children we need to make our friends. But the whole idea of hostility must be discarded!

Taken in the Aachen sector in September, 1944, this picture of United States soldiers entertaining a German family on American rations outraged public opinion—but since that date opinion and circumstances have changed

G.B.S. mounts the JOHN BULL platform to answer these QUESTIONS OF THE

Is the modern Tory a Fascist? What is behind the anti-Russian "underground"? Is Stalin a Marxist? Can Labour abolish want? Is there room for both Britain and America as competing exporters?



BERNARD SHAW is not the man you imagine. Behind the buffoon's mask he loves, on occasion, to wear, there is the sincerity of nobleness. He is not only the world's towering literary giant. He is our most daring thinker. No, he does not eat people, although he tries to sound like it. He is kind and generous, polite even to the humblest stranger.

Shaw, whose knowledge is profound, is the best self-educated man alive. He is a one-man university, and, although nearly ninety years old, he has the simpleness of a child. The choicest of his writings scintillate with a genius unequalled by any other living craftsman in words.

After Shakespeare, in whom he made us see the faults, he is our greatest playwright. He taught us to know Ibsen and Wagner. He has given lessons in acting even to Mrs. Pat Campbell, Ellen Terry and Cedric Hardwicke, and lessons in how to argue to Joseph Stalin. Indeed, he seems to know everything.

HANNEN SWAFFER.

WHAT DO YOU CONSIDER, *Mr. Shaw, are the chief perils presented by peace to the prosperity of our population?*

There are no chief perils. In the Ship of State the cabin boy is as necessary as the admiral, and in its machinery the cook's stopcock as indispensable as the propeller. The practical question is one of priority for repairs and reforms, and the decisions must be according to the pressure of circumstances at the moment. The point for Utopians to remember is that the State cannot be put into complete repair in a single day, nor its machinery stopped for a single hour. All repairs must be running repairs; for a government can no more stop functioning than an animal can stop breathing.

Production and Consumption on the Same Spot

Assuming that the Labour Party comes into power in July, will its programme of Socialisation abolish unemployment and poverty in this country unless its export trade is greatly increased, which in turn will depend upon the comparative wealth or poverty of foreign purchasing countries?

No country should be dependent on export or import trade. Traders urge that the country cannot live without foreign trade. Hangmen probably believe equally that the country cannot live without murders. From the traders' point of view the oftener an article has to be exchanged and shipped or carried long distances before it is consumed the better. This is pure gammon: the truth is just the reverse. At present it costs more to sell an article than to produce it. The ideal is production and consumption on the same spot and no trade at all.

The Issue Now is Between Fascism and Communism

Do you think that if there is an overwhelming Conservative majority at the forthcoming election the Government will be able to restrain Socialistic legislation with its trend towards Communism which has been in evidence since the first Poor Laws were passed in the reign of Elizabeth?

No. But the issue now is between Fascism and Communism. Fascism is profiteering with State-provided capital and protection. We have plenty of it already; and Conservatives want more of it. Communism is public enterprise without profiteering, all goods and services being either open to all users without direct payment on the spot, like London Bridge, or purchasable at their averaged cost, like postage or municipal electricity. Both can and must co-exist. Banking and insurance should obviously be communised; but inventive and experimental private adventure should be not only tolerated but encouraged and even subsidised by the State.

Twenty Years of Propaganda Against Russia

Do you consider that the underground propaganda of influential and wealthy individuals in the U.S.A. and this country against Russia is likely to produce an atmosphere of unfriendliness, which might develop into war?

Yes; but why underground? We had twenty years of the fiercest overground propaganda against Russia after 1917, with daily British and American denunciations of Stalin as a ruthless dictator and bloodstained monster, accompanied until 1939 by the politest compliments to Mussolini and Hitler; yet it has produced our victorious military alliance with Russia, ending with the lynching of Mussolini and the suicide or Neronian murder of Hitler with our full approval. Both these dead dictators had banked on our joining them in a British-American crusade against Russian Communism. Such a crusade would not be at all unpopular with our Fascists and Capitalists. The situation needs very careful watching; and Stalin knows it.

If Russia Becomes Dominant in Asia

Russia to-day is unquestionably the most powerful State in Europe. Should, as is not unlikely, the Soviet declare war on Japan, Russia will undoubtedly become dominant in Asia, as China and the puppet States created by Japan will become more or less Sovietised. How would England, Holland and France regard the influence of a Sovietised Asia upon India, Borneo, Cochin China, and their other rich Asiatic possessions?

They would not like it; but they would have to lump it.

Workers of the World Have Not United

Russia, a Socialist country, advocates strong, independent nations, Poland as an example. How do you reconcile this attitude of Stalin's policy with the Marxian slogan "Workers of the world unite. You have nothing to lose but your fetters"?

There is no conflict to reconcile. An enslaved, half-starved Poland, cultivated in little strips by a half-savage peasantry, is a canker in the heart of Europe and an infectious plague on the border of Russia. Russ

BERNARD SHAW AS SEEN BY KEM

HOUR

wants prosperous neighbours, not ruined ones. She may hope that Poland may one day become one of the constituent republics of the U.S.S.R.; and this hope extends to the possibility of a whole world of federated Socialist Republics; but the recruits must be healthy and their enlistment voluntary. Stalin has only to look at British India to see how a vast territory may be a weakness and a disgrace to an empire instead of an asset. Meanwhile, as the workers of the world have not united, but are slaughtering one another like mad, Stalin must take the world as he finds it and rule accordingly. The slogan, however, still holds good, like our own "Britons never will be slaves," though they have never been anything else.

Shutting the Gates of Mercy on Mankind

We have seen how vast the powers of production possessed by England and America are when two-thirds of their resources of every description was employed for destruction. Is the world large enough to support the British Empire and the U.S.A. as Capitalistic Manufacturing Powers in peace time when products are deliberately destroyed to maintain profitable prices?

No. Capitalistic production, when it has passed through the competitive stage and amalgamated into combinations, which are in effect conspiracies, becomes destructive long before it has abolished poverty and ignorance, which mean misery and premature death for millions of the proletariat. Its worst ravages have been mitigated to some extent by Socialistic legislation, trade union resistance, and private charity; but to accept it as the last word in civilisation would be to shut the gates of mercy on mankind.

Shaw's View of the Ideal State

What sort of State would you like to create and live under, Mr. Shaw, assuming you possessed the immediate power, apart from your great influence in advocating the conditions under which you would preferably live?

A State in which there are neither rich nor poor, but sufficient equality of income to make all the units of population intermarriageable, as they now are in the section with three or four thousand a year and upward. In short, a basic income sufficient to eliminate ignorance and poverty. All votes for representative authorities should be Coupled Votes: that is, for a man and a woman so that the elected authorities shall consist of men and women in equal numbers. How is that for a sample? You can hardly expect me to describe a whole State to you in three lines. Good evening to you.

The above answers were obtained in an interview by DOROTHY ROYAL

WHAT LIMEHOUSE THINKS OF ATTLEE

HANNEN SWAFFER tells why Clem Attlee has taken George Lansbury's place in the confidence of London's East End voters

CIRCUMSTANCES, NOT AMBITION, raised Clement Attlee to leadership and made him "Clem" to millions. He has never sought personal prominence. He dislikes "publicity." He prefers Limehouse to limelight.

But when the call to duty sounded, a lifelong devotion to the cause of The People made him respond.

No man in our public life so wholeheartedly believes in "Service." He practised it, unobtrusively, for years.

After a schoolboy's education at Haileybury, Attlee studied political science at Oxford. Then, in 1912, he went to Toynbee Hall, the East End's best-known nursery of social workers. Horrified by the destitution he saw on every hand, he soon felt impelled to teach the poor how to help themselves.

Chance Made Him Leader

So, renting Norway House in the Commercial Road, Limehouse, he lived in two rooms at the top and turned the rest into a local Labour headquarters. After earning his living, in the daytime, by lecturing at the London School of Economics, he slaved till late in the night at the task of making the workers into Socialists.

Then the first World War called him. In the South Lancashire Regiment, in which he rose to the rank of major, he saw service in Gallipoli, Mesopotamia and France—and returned to Limehouse.

In 1920, he was Stepney's first Labour Mayor. Two years after he became M.P. for Limehouse, which he has represented ever since.

Chance made him Labour leader—the fact that, in the landslide of 1931, Lansbury and he were the only two Socialist ex-Ministers returned to the House, and then Lansbury's accident, because of which he had to act as deputy leader of the Opposition.

When Lansbury was dropped, Clem automatically succeeded to a position in which he has since been implicitly trusted by his followers because of his high character and unflinching honesty.

So it was that, whenever Churchill was called abroad during the war, he acted as Premier.

Limehouse, in these days of Attlee's high prominence, proudly recalls its first knowledge of him. There are many among the older residents who remember how his public school accent and Oxford manner were by no means assets in a tough neighbourhood. He was diffident, gentle-mannered.

Common-sense—No Pose

But his kindness and sympathy soon won him many friends.

"I remember him donkeys' years ago," said a very old woman who chatted in the kitchen of her bomb-blasted little home. "He came to us as a shy little man. He became our friend because he had lived with us and got to know our problems, and because he had no swank. He was the sort of man you could talk to."

Another Limehouse elector who remembers those days is Frederick Harding, of Bow Common Lane. It was in his little front room that Attlee would attend meetings that discussed local problems.

"The secret of Clem's success among ordinary folk was his straightforwardness, his genuineness, and his lack of 'side,'" said Harding.

"Clem" is an expert gardener when he finds time to visit his home at Stanmore, Middlesex, for rare relaxation

Wherever, in Limehouse, you chat with a man in a small shop on the corner, or with a woman over a cup of tea in a kitchen, you learn that it was Attlee's shrewd common-sense and his lack of pose that won for him the respect of dwellers in the mean back streets.

Local Opinions

True it is that, for some years, important national duties have called him away from his constituency.

These ordinary local people would love to see the old Attlee, the one who joined their meals, discussing their grievances and the woes that pressed them down so heavily. But they know he is on their business elsewhere.

Alf Abrahams, of 67, Brokesley Street, is one of them. His father helped Attlee to form the local Labour Party. At first, he collected 1s. 3d. a week in penny subs. Within six weeks this had increased to 15s. "Little Alf," as he then was, often did the round for him. Now, grown up, he tells how, in those days, Clem used to address meetings at street corners, often on a soapbox.

"The greatest thing Clem Attlee did for Limehouse," says Abraham, "was to make us think politically. In the old days at Norway House he taught us how to canvass, how to run an election campaign, how to hold meetings, and how to deal with questions. He taught us the A B C of Socialism. My family always worked for him and we still do.

"Attlee is successful because he is educated and because he looks at politics with a scientific mind. That makes him able to meet opponents on their own ground. Look how well he did as Deputy Prime Minister!

"Clem is rapidly gaining the same affection in the East End that George Lansbury enjoyed. He is a thinker. He depends on planned thought rather than emotional appeal. I believe he is the leader because he has earned the job. And now, if you'll excuse me, I must go and listen to his broadcast."

How he enjoyed that!

It was as chairman of the Electricity Committee that Attlee gave Limehouse its "juice." H. Lasarus, who followed him as Mayor, boasted that, starting with a capital value of £600,000 and about 3,000 users, the undertaking increased its capital value to £5,000,000 by 1939, when it had nearly 40,000 customers, and when many Slumland homes enjoyed electric cookers, irons, kettles and fires, and nearly 100 per cent. of the houses had electric light.

It was also as chairman of that committee that Attlee won for Limehouse's municipal electricity a big battle in the courts.

"He absolutely carried that case for us," says Lasarus. "What a command he had of the whole situation! He bore it all on his own shoulders. Before that, we knew he was our friend. Then we knew he was also our champion."

"We back Attlee solidly because we know him so well," said Councillor George Pendley, an old Liberal whom Attlee won over for the Labour cause. "We know we can trust him. He is absolutely honest. He isn't a twister. If he says a thing to us, we know he is not saying something different to others behind our backs. If he says a thing to-day, we know he will say the same thing next week, and next year if necessary."

"We back him because he's such a fine type of man," said a woman worker. "He is not glamorous in the way that Churchill is; but he is steadfast and conscientious.

"Although, during one election, he was away in India on the Simon Commission, we returned him with a bigger majority than ever. When he came back, we carried him shoulder high from the Town Hall right down Salmon Lane."

Polling Among Ruins

As for this election, Councillor Pendley says: "Attlee will merely come here on nomination day to open his campaign, and then we shall tell him to leave the rest to us. In Limehouse we know him. He will do more good going up and down the country speaking to people who do not know him and helping the Party to win a big majority. Probably we won't see him again till polling day."

The election will be held among ruins. Limehouse has been so heavily bombed that acres of houses are mere rubble. You walk down street after street without seeing a house fit to be lived in.

Down by Limehouse Causeway it was so bad that they turned a blitzed area into a battle school in which the 51st Highland Division learned their street fighting. This devastation has reduced an electorate of 38,000 to about 12,000!

It was for Clem that, in the Limehouse Town Hall, I made my last speech, when it was nearly midnight, in the 1935 campaign. I was speaking for a man who conceals boundless qualities of heart and mind beneath the modest demeanour of a scholar and a great gentleman.

CURES FOR CRIMINALS

The future may see revolutionary methods of crime prevention by gland injections and by treating the parents of wayward children. Theories outlined in a new book are here discussed and summed up by VINCENT BROME

WHEN THE CHILD of tomorrow is charged with delinquency in the juvenile courts, it may not itself appear before the magistrate. Instead, the parents may have to go to court and answer the charge. There they will have to explain how it was that the child's upbringing led to conduct which broke the law.

Will the child or the parents then face imprisonment? It depends what the evidence brings to light.

Followed to its logical conclusion, this new theory of criminal investigation means that neither parents nor child will go to prison Instead, a doctor will determine which of the child's glands is out of gear and will then begin treatment with a series of gland injections.

There you have the modern theory carried to its extreme conclusion. Father takes the place of the child in court, and a hypodermic injection is a substitute for six months in Borstal!

Possibilities and Dangers

These two ideas are put forward, in milder form, in the latest book by Claud Mullins, *Why Crime?* (*Methuen*, 6s.)

Claud Mullins, of course, is rightly famous as a humane magistrate who took the trouble to inquire into the psychological background of the cases which came to his court.

I have deliberately carried them to extremes because they show the possibilities and the dangers of the latest efforts to understand the criminal.

The situation where the father and not the child is charged may not be so very remote. In fact, already juvenile courts can fine the parents for the child's delinquent acts if they have "conduced to the commission of the offence by neglecting to exercise due care of the child."

Important Omission

But Mr. Mullins goes deep beneath this surface, and finds, in the roots of the parent-child relationship, the origin of most criminal tendencies.

An unwanted child which does not get normal affection from its parents is far more likely to turn out a delinquent, and finally a criminal, than a child brought up in a warm, kindly atmosphere

"In my visits to London juvenile courts," he writes, "I have been struck by the pathetic number of children whose delinquency . . . was due to the fact that they came from large families brought into the world without any thought or any ability to provide or care for them." Among one group of delinquent children, nearly 58 per cent. suffered from defective family relations.

Certainly a child with hostile parents gets the impression from the very beginning that the world is against him, because, for the first few years, his parents represent the whole world. Those first few years are the years which determine his character for the rest of his life.

There is one large question which Mullins does not ask, and its omission is an obvious weakness in his very interesting book. Why are the parents hostile to the child? Why should a child be unwanted?

There are several answers but one of the commonest is simply the plea, "We couldn't afford a child." In many cases, cold cash has destroyed a natural affection, because another child has meant cutting down still further an already meagre standard of living.

Sentiment Protects Them

Does this mean that many criminals became criminals in the beginning simply because their parents were poor? It is certainly one of the big contributory causes, and unfortunately Mr Mullins seems to dismiss this economic factor somewhat lightly.

But neither money nor affection makes up the whole story. There remain the glands. With the glands are bound up the laws of heredity. If you throw the thyroid gland out of balance, it can reduce an intelligent person to a semi-imbecile in no time.

Iodine is the main secretion in the thyroid gland. If you do no more than remove the 3½ grains of iodine in the thyroid, then a sane man becomes insane, It is a chastening thought. In a similar way a disturbance of the glands may produce a criminal.

Can medical science rid us of the congenital criminal by glandular injections? It is early to say. And, in any case, men and women who are mentally deficient from other causes are left out of account.

Claud Mullins says: "Delinquency is closely associated with the low grade and the mentally deficient.... A high proportion of those who are confirmed criminals come from families who are either mentally retarded or on the borderline."

Claud Mullins is the fifty-seven year old London Police Court Magistrate who has become famous for his progressive views on the treatment of criminals. He is the author of seven books supporting his theories from his wide experience

The shield of sentimentality still protects the mentally deficient from sterilisation, although this would help to check the multiplication of mentally deficient children. But much can be done without compulsion. The Sterilisation Committee has revealed that many mentally deficient people would themselves welcome sterilisation to avoid the burden of children with which they cannot cope. Put on a voluntary basis, the thing assumes a less unpleasant character.

Light on Difficult Children

So there you have three ways of clearing up criminal tendencies. State financial help to prevent parents becoming hostile to their children; voluntary action to stop the weak-minded having families; and possibly — if medical evidence justifies it—glandular treatment.

Apart from clear-cut crime, anyone who has a difficult child should read this book, because it has many penetrating things to say about child behaviour. And in its wider application the book reaches out to the problem of Germany —the criminal in international affairs.

Underground Children Fought Alone

AMONG all the stories of anti-Nazi underground movements, few are so strange and moving as that of the feud carried on by a group of Jewish children between 10 and 15 years old. Their story is told in a cable to JOHN BULL from the American War Correspondent Curt Riess.

When in 1943 all the Jews living in Germany were arrested and taken off to concentration camps, thousands of their children slipped through the meshes of the S.S. net, and disappeared.

Once out of the Nazis' clutches, hey formed themselves into groups, and started a Resistance Movement.

"We met every evening in some secret place," said a member of one of these groups. "There were times when we had little food, and we slept and lived where we could, often in the most unlikely places."

As the war developed in its final stages these youth groups spread, and were able to contact and work with adult anti-Hitler resistance groups in Germany. Sometimes they assisted in the printing and distribution of illegal pamphlets and posters. Often they undertook small but widespread sabotage campaigns.

IN THE BIG industrial towns which were being blasted by heavy Allied air raids, they were at a disadvantage, for they could not go to air raid shelters for fear of betraying themselves. They were outlaws, always in fear of arrest and with death always at their heels. Out of one group of ten, only two are now alive.

"There were periods of weeks and months," said one of these survivors, "when we had little sleep and even less food. But we continued our secret meetings, keeping in touch with other groups, and planning our activities together."

In spite of all these difficulties one group in Berlin carried on their own educational classes, under the tutorship of an old and sympathetic schoolmaster. "We met twice a week for this purpose, in an old attic, studying for three hours by the light of oil lamps or candles carefully shaded."

The main problem was often that of food. They had to visit street food markets without attracting attention, and they begged food in restaurant kitchens.

OCCASIONALLY A CHILD was caught by the *Gestapo* and tortured in order to make him betray his comrades. Some died as a result of their injuries, but few betrayed their fellows. A number were rescued by their friends, and managed to make good their escape.

Sometimes these outlaw children were befriended and hidden by decent Germans, at considerable risk to themselves. Others provided them with food, if not shelter.

One of the minor problems of the Occupying Armies is what to do with these youngsters. They have become tough and defiant, and they will need kindness and sympathy to help them back to a civilised way of life.

WITH MY FEET UP

by IAN FOX

Homes for Heroes

"WE'VE GOT TO PROMISE something on housing in this election, old boy, even if it's only on paper. Damme, people seem to think houses are more important than exports and the future of our big manufacturing companies."

"But people want somewhere to live, you know."

"They've got somewhere to live already. At least, I've never seen people sleeping out in the open, so they must have homes somewhere."

"Yes, but . . ."

"People are too soft these days, old boy."

"They've just won a war which wasn't soft. We could build houses if we gave them priority, like tanks or aeroplanes."

"BY GAD, YOU TALK like a bloomin' agitator. You don't seem to realise that the whole question bristles with difficulties. For instance, first we've got to have the sites for building. It would cost billions in compensation to acquire enough ground."

"Nationalise it, then."

"Eh? I hope you're not going Red, old boy. What about the ground rents? You'd be condemning hundreds of people to starvation and want."

"But . . ."

"And then, even if we get the sites, we can't get the labour."

"But you got plenty for building aerodromes and factories."

"Good heavens, man, we can't say that. One of our biggest election points is that we're going to remove all controls on labour."

"But . . ."

"Besides, where are the building materials? Can't make bricks without straw, you know."

"But surely materials could be manufactured if treated like war production."

"We might do it, old boy, but this isn't war, and I'm damned certain your nationalisation blokes wouldn't pay the prices. Prices are controlled, you know—by us, I mean."

"But you could reduce them."

"EH? I BELIEVE you *are* a Bolshie, my dear fellow. I'm a director of five firms making building materials, and what should I tell my shareholders? Besides we shouldn't even be able to help the Government by paying Excess Profits Tax."

"And even if you built the houses at your prices, people couldn't afford to live in them because the rents would be too high."

"Exactly, old boy. I'm glad you're showing some understanding of economics at last. If people can't afford to live in the houses when they're built, then why build them? I told you the situation bristled with difficulties."

"But you said you've got to do something ready for the election."

"Ah, I said *on paper*, old boy. As I said to Fothergill the other day, we mustn't be niggling—we must promise to build and build big. We must promise ten million houses in the next two years. After all, old—who was it?—said 'The bigger the lie, the more people believe it.'"

"Hitler."

"And the Government will have been in at least a year before people find the promises aren't being carried out."

Free Speech

POINTERS FOR CANDIDATES

Starting at the bottom. Character or good looks? It's money all the same. Out of R.A.F. into coal-mine. Seaman waits for payment. Bus conversation. Good conditions in agricultural camps

AS A YOUNG MAN of twenty-four, who is hoping to register a vote for the first time, I suggest that candidates seeking re-election should be compelled to answer the following questions:

1. What was their yearly percentage of attendances in the House?

2. How often have they ever spoken in Parliament, moved any motion or amendment?

3. Have they confidence that their health will allow them to attend regularly in future?

4. Are they resident in the constituency for which they stand? I believe that local residency should be a condition of candidature. — MATTHEW MONAGHAN, 54, Galston Street, Nitshill, Glasgow.

Bottom Rung

ISN'T THERE TOO MUCH rubbish talked about the benefits of starting at the bottom of the ladder? I've just met a chap who boasted of starting work as a fitter and getting on in the world. Yet, like many self-made men, he wasn't going to let his own son enjoy the advantage of a lowly beginning. Surely if the bottom rung is such an excellent stepping-off point, rich men's sons should not be deprived of the advantage.—R. A., Sheffield

Tea for Two—or Three

WHY DOESN'T THE L.N.E.R. regulate the price of cups of tea for the Forces? The other day my train

"I was asked threepence".

stopped for a few minutes at Doncaster and I nipped out to one of those "railbars." I was asked threepence—the civilian price—for a cup of tea. I refused, and went to the buffet twenty yards away, where I got the customary penny off for the Forces and a seat as well—Cpl. J. E. T., Newcastle-on-Tyne.

"Please State Salary"

A WIDESPREAD PRACTICE, prevalent in pre-war days, ought to be checked before it gets a hold again—the habit of employers asking people to state the wages they require when applying for a job. This leads to workers cutting each other's throats, and encourages the kind of competition which is not likely to win the peace at home. An employer knows what he expects to pay and should tell the applicant.—COLIN BLUNDELL, 15, Hayfield Avenue, Poulton-le-Fylde, Lancs.

Looks and the Ladies

I WAS WOUNDED IN Normandy a few weeks after D-Day and have been undergoing plastic surgery treatment for nine months. I shall be finally discharged soon, but there will be some disfigurement for another two years or so.

I want to marry and have a home of my own, but I believe that the young women I have met during convalescence are generally typical of the whole. They have a complete disregard for a man's character and temperament. Good looks seem to be the only things that matter. Thousands of our fighting boys will come back to civilian life with permanent scars. Does this portend a glut of spinsters and bachelors?—EX-TROOPER, Royal Tank Regiment. (Address supplied.)

Orphan Slaves!

SOME OF US WONDER whether the institutions which have charge of poor children are really anxious to find them good homes. I applied to one body offering a home and a college education to some poor child who had been left as an orphan. I received forms requiring me to be a practising member of the Church of England and asking so many questions that the whole thing smacked of petty dictatorship.

It occurred to me that this organisation might be merely a training ground to provide docile domestic slaves for the privileged classes. — MRS. GEORGE DE COURTENAY, 14, St. Matthew's Road, Cosham, Hants.

Filthy Lucre

BANKS SHOULD BE compelled to sterilise all coins and notes periodically. Most of us handle the filthiest money without a thought, although we are careful to avoid people who may be germ carriers. Surely some way of cleansing money can be devised.—A. B. MACFARLANE, 12, St. Giles Street, Edinburgh.

Long and Short of It

MY SON WAS ACCEPTED in the R.A.F. for training as a pilot. He is 6 ft. 1½ in. in height. After a period of training he failed to qualify "by a narrow margin," and was told that he was too tall, although he had not grown since being accepted. He was sent to a coal mine, where he is now employed on hitching wagons in a level barely 4 ft. in height. —D. THOMAS, North Wales.

Stranded

I WAS TORPEDOED last February and a month later became ill. After I had had a week on Merchant Navy Pool sick pay, the doctor decided I was a case for the Ministry of Pensions.

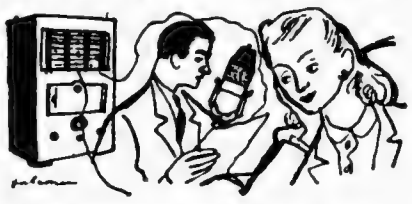
The pay from the Pool has stopped until a decision is reached. I have had a month now with nothing coming in. The Assistance Board say they cannot help me. Everyone tells me I shall get back pay in full when my case is settled, but it's wonderful how grass grows when you can't eat it.—C. D., North Shields.

Starting Young

THREE HIGH SCHOOL BOYS, aged between seven and nine, got on the 'bus. A man in working clothes asked what they were taught at school. The smallest boy had a ready answer: "They teach us how to be your bosses," he said.—N. H., Stockport, Lancs.

" . . . Read by——"

LET'S HOPE THE B.B.C. will reconsider the decision to return to the pre-war anonymity of announcers. The cold impersonality of the news bulletins was relieved during the drab years of war by



"The announcers became like friends"

the sense of intimacy between reader and listener when the name of the announcer was known. To many of us, the announcers became like friends. Is there any good reason why the bond should be broken?—R. C. BURKE, 30, Loy Street, Cookstown, Co. Tyrone.

Mixing with Germans

MY SON IN THE B.L.A. says that complete non-fraternisation is impossible and is more and more being winked at. Now General Eisenhower has allowed making friends with children—so a soldier can talk to a child but not to its mother. The order wants redrafting realistically. — Mrs. B., Wimbledon, S.W.19.

Country Crooner

IT'S HAPPENED! I stood in the still of evening with a young and sentimental swain in a country lane.. He opened his mouth slowly, gave me a yearning look,

"Alas, I sniggered!"

and then sang to me in a deep, soulful voice. I suppose I ought to have listened in rapt silence. Alas, I sniggered!

Being somewhat practical, I now ask myself if Hollywood has not gone far enough with this crooning business. I deplore the possibility of our countryside being rent with the modern love songs of man for maid. — Miss E. H., Nechells, Birmingham.

First-rate Holiday

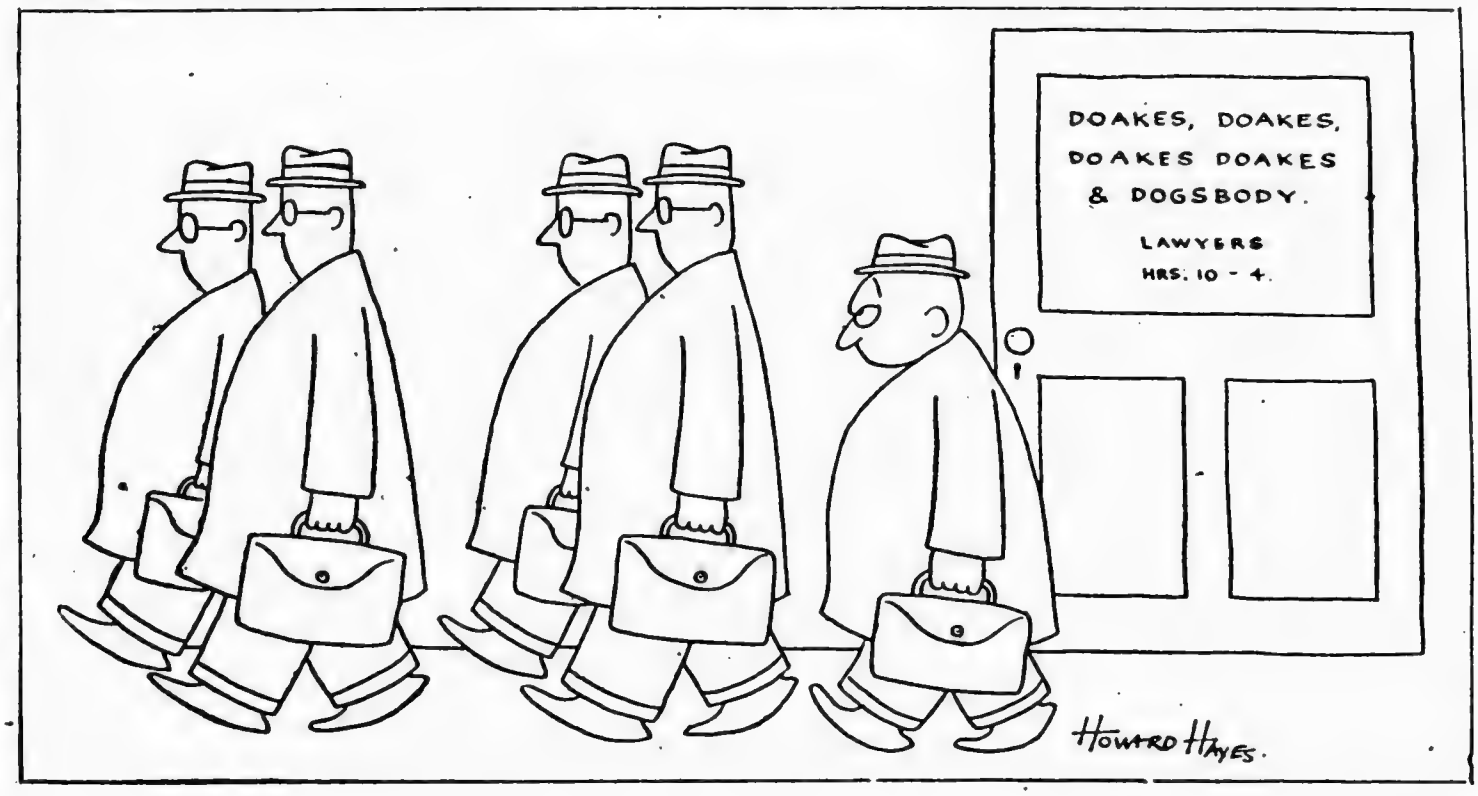
I HAVE JUST COME BACK from one of the Agricultural Camps in the North Riding of Yorkshire. This is the third I have been to, and I think the North Riding War Agricultural Executive Committee deserves the highest praise for the excellent conditions at their camps.

I suggest that anyone wanting a healthy, cheap holiday on the land should immediately send for an application form. Everyone I've met at these camps agreed they were a great success. —G. C. DAVIS, 9, Kipling Avenue, Balby, Doncaster, Yorks.

Food Waste

I AM EMPLOYED in the kitchens of a public institution. Although many of the staff go off duty regularly at weekends, and the inmates get leave of absence, the same quantity of food is always prepared. The result is that a certain amount always finds its way into the swill-tubs. It is against the rules for the inmates to eat up what's left over!—B.A., Lancashire.

LETTERS intended for this page should be marked "Free Speech." One guinea will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief.



JOHN BULL Short Story

The CONQUERING HERO

What did the Sergeant think about as he listened to the speech of welcome home to the old town from which he had been driven as a youngster because there was no job for him?

by JOHN BART

ILLUSTRATED BY HOROWICZ

IT WAS ANY MINUTE NOW. Any minute Sir James would finish amid applause, and hand a cheque for two hundred guineas, together with the admiration of his native town (inscribed on vellum), to Sergeant Stanley Cobb, V.C., M.M., 1st Battalion (Princess Alexandra's Own) South Riding Light Infantry.

Meanwhile, upon the Town Hall platform, upright on a little chair, Sergeant Cobb himself was thinking how very important it was not to get rattled.

When he finishes, he was telling himself, stand up, as rehearsed. Advance two paces, left turn smartly, approach the table, and 'shun. With the feet at right-angles to the audience extend hand half-way across the table to grip his opposite number, at the same time receiving with the left cheque offered. Then hold everything while the cameras do their stuff and the Mayor gets into the picture with his chain on. Smile.

After that, one pace to the rear, about turn, get back to the chair. Sit down. They'll all be clapping, as they did when you came on; but don't get rattled; let 'em have a good go.

THEY MEAN IT, and it's all for you. It's not for the Mayor, or Sir James Daryington, or for the Town Council. It's for you, Stan Cobb.

While they're clapping fold cheque and place in left pocket of blouse. Don't forget this, because the wife's there watching, next to Daryington, watching what you do with it, bless her.

Stand. Advance four paces. Halt when you can look down into the front row. Stand at ease. Stand easy. Don't look at the people; there's too many, lines of mouths and eyes. Don't get rattled. Look at the big Union Jack they've got draped from the balcony. Then speak.

Say all the thing's you've wanted to, to your own folk, in the place where you were born. Say it, Stan!

"Ladies and Gentlemen, — Making speeches isn't my line. I don't reckon to be much of a hand at standing on platforms in Town Halls, either. I haven't had as much wind-up as this since the barrage started at Alamein, and I'd as soon it was you up here instead of me, any day.

"But there's a lot of things I'd like to say to you. Some of 'em I think you'll like. Some—well, we'll see. A few I've thought of while I sat in that chair, listening to the good words that these gentleman have said about me. But most I've had in my mind a long while.

"BUT FIRST I want to say how kind it is of you to make such a fuss of me. Why should you? I'm nobody, only Stan Cobb. It's kinder still of you to give me a cheque and this here nice picture. It's real kind of you, and thank you one and all, very much.

"Remember, though; what I've done is only the same as what plenty of other lads did, only maybe they weren't lucky enough to get noticed. I'll try and tell you about one of them as I go on.

"When I heard you clapping I liked to think you were sort of giving him a hand, as well as me. One of these gentlemen said to me before the meeting: 'Stan,' he says, 'we're proud of you!' Well, ladies and gentlemen, I'd like to say, in my turn, that I'm proud of the old town, too.

"I'm glad to be back, of course. There are folk who say there's nothing much to see here. Well, I've had a look at Cairo, and Naples, and Rome, and Brussels—and believe me, there's not a sight in any of 'em to compare with the view you get over the Gas Works from Station Hill when you stand there with your kit after four years.

"The old pit-heads, working; smoke coming from Daryington's, trolley-buses in Market Square, and, right beyond, all those little fields what stretch up to the moors, where we used to go when we were kids. I used to go walks there with my Dad. He worked in the pit, until a bit of roof came down, back in '31. I wish my Dad could see me now; but he can't.

"The funny thing is, ladies and gentlemen, I'm prouder of the old town now than when I went away, maybe because I understand a few things better.

"I went to the Army a good while before this war, as you know. I made soldiering my trade because there was nothing doing here. You couldn't stand then on Station Hill and watch pit-winding or smoke coming from Daryington's. I went to Daryington's, and it was 'nothing doing,' week after week, month after month.

"NO APPLAUSE IN those ways for me, or for a good many like me, ladies and gentlemen. I wasn't a conquering hero, see? I was just a young chap, wanting to get wed, and wanting to get on, same as you.

"The Army wasn't so bad. For one thing, there was a good lot of chaps from around here. One was 'Smartey' Mawson. We called him 'Smartey' because he was the muckiest soldier you ever saw.

"You could crime him till you were tired, but it didn't seem to do any good. He had a down on the world, Smartey had. You know Tollet's Buildings, down by the canal behind Daryington's—places with no back doors and the privy at the end of the street? Well, he was born there, and he just couldn't forget it.

"Nobody'd ever done anything for him, and he was damned if he was going to do anything for anyone else.

"It was Smartey and me that were together in the dunes outside Dunkirk. It was nearly the end of the night. Now and then a fire somewhere back of us would flare up, and we'd see what was lying around. But mostly it was darkish, and I was ripping into Smartey for lighting a fag.

"'What's the odds?' he was saying, 'We're through, ain't we?'

"'Shurrup,' I says, 'there's someone coming.'

"We didn't have rifles. We ought to have; but we didn't. That's how it was, see? A bit of an officer boy comes over the dune.

"'Two more here,' he calls back over his shoulder. Then he sits down by us.

"'Be a boat at first light,' he says. 'Meantime, I'll squat with you. Then we can go down together.'

"'Not me,' Smartey says. 'I've seen that beach. Here I am, and here I stay.'

"He ought to have said 'Sir'; but he didn't.

"This boy looks at Smartey.

"'Snap out o' that, soldier,' he says, 'they want you back over there. They've got a job for you.'

"'Job?' Smartey says, 'Fust time anyone ever said that to me.'

"He put his fag out, all the same. Sure enough, there was a boat at first light, pulling out to a lighter that was offshore. We waded out. Smartey was about last in, and the officer boy was seeing him aboard, when a Messerschmidt comes over the beach.

"All of us hit the bottom of that boat pronto. When I looked over the side there was Smartey coming up dripping. The officer boy was drifting off, face down, and the tide was trailing long strips of red from him, like ribbon.

"'Knocked me down and held me under in front of him. That's what he did,' Smartey said, quiet like.

"HE MADE OUT a fair soldier, Smartey. Kept his rifle clean, any road. But I don't reckon he ever rightly got over the fact that somebody once did something for him. He was puzzling it out right to the end.

"I'd like to tell you about the end of Smartey Mawson, ladies and gentlemen. Maybe I shouldn't, because that story brings in somebody else in this town, somebody right here on this platform now. But I don't think he'll mind when he's heard what I've got to say.

"Well, Smartey got to the Desert, same as a lot of others from these parts that come to us as time went on. As you know, there was a lot of going and coming in the Desert at first.

"The time I'm thinking of—and it seems a powerful long time ago, too—smell of petrol, feel of sand in your mouth—they were coming and we were going.

We'd put in a counter-attack, a small rearguard do.

"When night came no one rightly knew what was what. Our officer says to me:—

"'Sergeant,' he says, 'this war's gettin' untidy. There's a position of ours there supposed to be overrun hours back. It's still firing. Take some men and go and see what the hell. And don't forget there's a patrol out already between us and that minefield.'

"That position was by the crossing of a wadi. A hell of a shindy was rattling, hollow-like, up and down it as we worked our way. Spandaus, grenades and I dunno what-all. Every so often, though, there'd be an answering burst of Bren. Well, we got in there all right, and there was Smartey Mawson with the remains of a company.

"Only Smartey was still on his feet.

"'Hell, Smartey,' I says, 'we thought you was a private army. What's all the row?'

"'Got that crossing covered to an inch,' he says. 'It's annoyin' 'em, that is.'

"'All right,' I says, 'you fall out now and we'll take over.'

"SOON AS I SPOKE he flopped right where he was and slept. Between then and dawn there was some noise out front, and I figured our patrol had gone wrong in the minefield. After a while, and the racket died down, we could hear groaning.

"What with the sand and the general feel of things, it was so like old times when light came that Smartey said:—

"'Like old times, Sarge.'

"I was surprised he'd woke up; but I says: 'Right enough, Smartey. But no boat, this time, see?'

"He asks me then:—

"'What's that row, Sarge?'

"So I told him. Next thing I knew he'd crawled off for a look.

"'Come back, you bloody fool!' we yelled after him.

"He came back.

"'Sarge,' he whispers, crawling up close in the nasty sort of stand-to quiet

Smartey got to the Captain, fumbled about a bit and then he had him up on his back

there was just then, 'that's young Daryington out there.'

"Smartey whispers again:

"'He's alive.'

"'So are you,' I says, 'so rest and be thankful, you silly mug.'

"'Come to think of it, Sarge,' he goes on, after awhile, 'there's a bit of the old town lying out there. Daryingtons. Remember how that wall in our street was always warm from their furnaces? When my old man was tight he'd kick us kids out, and then we'd go stand alongside that wall and get our backs warm. Had a job at Daryington's once. Then they give me my card.'.

"He was tired, Smartey was, and wandering a bit, so I didn't take much notice.

"Soon the shindy started. They chucked us everything. I was too busy to think about Smartey. Then it eased off, sudden, as if they, as well as we, was looking at the same thing.

"It was Smartey, clear out ahead, walking into that minefield like it wasn't there. He got to the Captain, fumbled about a bit figuring out how to lift, I reckon. Then he had him up. He made about ten paces and—bang! There was only sand churning about, where they'd been.

"That was all about Smartey, ladies and gentlemen. Except this. I said that, when I heard you clapping, I liked to think you was giving a hand to the other lads as well, specially those that won't be back, and never had much of a chance, anyway. Smartey never had; he'd think it a rare do to be clapped in this Town Hall that he's stood outside of more than once, with a muffler round his neck and nought in his pocket.

"So, let's give the applause, showing it in the usual way, to a leading citizen of this old town. Ladies and gentlemen—Smartey Mawson!"

THAT IS WHAT Sergeant Cobb, sweating in his chair, would like to have said. But what did he say, when it really came to his turn?

The local paper has all the facts:

"In conclusion, Sir James Daryington said he was proud—he was sure they were all proud—to have even a small part in welcoming home and showing appreciation of the services rendered to King and Country by the most distinguished fighting soldier their town had produced, Sergeant Cobb, V.C."

"And called upon him to step forward and receive the presentation, a cheque for two hundred guineas, locally subscribed, together with an illuminated address, on vellum.

"The ceremony then took place, after which Sergeant Cobb, who was received with prolonged applause, in a reply typically soldierlike in its brevity, said: 'Ladies and gentlemen, thank you one and all.'

"You're nothing but a pair of barefaced liars!"

THE MAN BEHIND YOUR M.P.

July 5 will be the culminating day of three weeks' intensive work for Election Agents. JOHN BULL asked one of them to describe his job—and this is what he told us

IF IT DID NOT SOUND conceited, I might call myself the unsung hero of the election. Comparatively few of the voters know my name, and fewer still know me by sight. Yet for three weeks before an election I am in sole command of a large and elaborately planned campaign to persuade them to vote for the man I support.

My job is to turn a parliamentary candidate into an M.P., and it is you, the electorate, who decide on polling day whether or not I have been successful.

Released from War Work

Before the war being an election agent was a full-time profession carrying recognised rates of pay. Applicants for the job had to take a course at their Party headquarters and pass several examinations.

Members of the Labour Agents' Union and the National Association of Conservative and Unionist Agents were all highly skilled men, forming the backbone of their Party's local associations. The best of them graduated to the post of area organiser, with three or four agents under them, and might eventually get a responsible job at headquarters. Few ever got—or tried to get—into Parliament themselves.

The war and the electoral truce led to most agents going to other work, and the Parties retained only skeleton organisations. When the General Election came in sight, qualified agents were in high demand, and their work was considered so important that the Ministry of Labour permitted them to be released from any civilian job, and even from the Forces.

The good agent has his scheme fully prepared weeks or months beforehand. He estimates the number of working days between the writ and the election—probably seventeen—and arranges three or four meetings for each day.

Commander of a Small Army

He contacts local speakers and tells them what to say. He builds up separate organisations in each ward or parish—and there may be 120 of them—and arranges for each to be intensively canvassed. He gives pep talks to his voluntary helpers, particularly women, so that when the time comes they will all be on their toes.

As nomination day approaches, he gets in touch with the chairman of the local Party association in order to arrange the adoption meeting. As many supporters as possible are asked to turn up for this, and the meeting should go with a swing. The candidate makes a speech outlining his own personal policy. He is proposed; seconded; and formally adopted.

The agent tries to get this well reported in the local Press, for the adoption meeting is really the beginning of the election campaign, and much depends on its going off well.

In a large and enthusiastic constituency an agent may have as many as 3,000 helpers—as big as the command of a brigadier in the Army. He is in sole and undisputed charge.

His first job is to see that the candidate fills up his nomination papers properly, and to accompany him to the Returning Officer on nomination day and pay over the deposit of £150.

He has probably collaborated in the candidate's election address, which can be sent post free to every elector in the constituency, and he arranges with the local postmaster for its dispatch.

A list of halls and other places where public meetings can be held has already been made out, and once he knows the date of the writ he goes ahead in hiring them.

He also gets in touch with the best local printers and orders posters and literature. Sometimes the election may hinge on some matter of local interest, and it is important that he should be able to produce well-informed pamphlets very speedily in order to counter an opponent's propaganda. He may write these pamphlets himself.

Until after polling day the candidate obeys his agent in everything. Every moment of each day is mapped out for him. After speaking for twenty minutes or so at a meeting, and answering questions for ten minutes, he is whisked away somewhere else, and other speakers take his place.

In outlying parts of the constituency, where meetings cannot be arranged, he tours slowly in his car making snappy remarks through a loudspeaker during the lunch hour. The agent sees to it that he is heard and seen by every elector as much as possible.

Watch on Election Law

While all these activities are going on, the agent has to see that the election law is not broken; if it is, his candidate will not be allowed to sit in Parliament even if returned by a large majority.

The legal maximum for expenses is 6d. per elector for a county constituency and 5d. for a borough constituency, and there are restrictions as to how this may be spent. Any form of bribery, treating or threat is strictly prohibited.

No person may incur any expense whatever in electioneering without the written authority of the agent, and he is responsible for making out an account of everything that has been spent and giving it to the Returning Officer after the poll.

If it is false he will be sent to prison, and if it exceeds the maximum the candidate will be disqualified. So the agent has to keep a close eye on the activities of some of his over-zealous helpers.

Polling day, the culmination of three weeks' hard work, is the most worrying day he has. He must see that his supporters do not thrust handbills upon electors by physical force as they are going to vote, and he must restrain them from soliciting votes in any way at all within 100 yards of a polling station. Incidentally, he may not himself enter a polling station without first taking an oath of secrecy before a J.P.

Jobs for the Big Day

But he is mainly concerned with seeing that every single supporter gets to the polls, and it is here that the value of good canvassing shows itself.

If the canvassing has been properly done, lists will have been made out by each polling station committee of every supporter in the ward. As they come to vote their names will be ticked off and absentees will be rounded up in cars.

Throughout the day cars will also be going to fetch the aged, the sick and those who live in distant parts of the constituency. Their routes will have been planned beforehand to pick up the greatest number on each journey. Absentees who cannot be brought by cars will be called to their duty by volunteer bands of "knockers-up."

While the count is being made, the agents of all candidates sit at a table with the Returning Officer. The papers are made up in bundles of 100 and placed behind a screen. If the result is close, an agent may demand a recount, but in most cases it is obvious before the last papers have been sorted.

The Returning Officer rises to his feet. "Ladies and gentlemen," he says, "I have much pleasure in announcing the result of the election." The winning candidate proposes a vote of thanks to the R.O. The result is announced through the window to the public outside.

Then the agent begins quietly to nurse the constituency for another four years or so, until the next election comes.

The election before the election. Here are five would-be candidates for North Kensington, London, waiting to demonstrate their capabilities by making a short speech to a selection committee. Left to right: Captain Alexander Filson, Captain Roger Keyes, Corporal George Rogers, (who was finally selected), Mrs. Elizabeth Cox and Mrs. Mary Hamilton

Hint for Mr. Sandys

FOUR simple words on a *Bullets* coupon have laid the foundations of a future home for enterprising Mrs. S. Sherlock (40, Greenleaf St., Liverpool), our 1,478th First Prize-winner. Here is her hint to Mr. Duncan Sandys: A Good Day's Work—When "Arsenals" Tackle "Villas."

Have *your* say on the *Bullets* coupon below and enter it for this week's prizes, value over £350. If you would like a *Bulletin* Double Number, apply as directed.

WIN a "BULLETS" HOLIDAY!

THIS WEEK'S PRIZES VALUE OVER £350

£100 CASH FIRST plus CELEBRATION WEEK-END

£20, £10, 10 of £6, 20 of £2, 200 of 2s. 6d.

1,500 MERIT AWARDS

☛ Remember to enclose 2½d. stamped addressed envelope with entry, to receive *Bulletin* VE Double Number, No. 6, including historic "*Bullets* at War" Supplement.

HOW TO WIN

Add simply Two, Three or Four Words of apt and original comment to any of the "Examples" below.

WORLD OF PLENTY
MAN WHO LOOKS AHEAD
CIVILISATION'S FABRIC
WHOEVER GETS IN
ON THE WAR-PATH
CONTROLS
AT HOME AND ABROAD
WITHOUT UNDERSTANDING
HORRORS OF PEACE
THE RIGHT REMEDY
GAME OF GRAB
BOTTOM DOG
HEAVY BURDEN
SHOWING OFF
AT FIRST SIGHT
WISE DRIVER
SPOT OF BOTHER
ON FATHER'S ALLOTMENT
GETS THE BLAME
IN A RASH MOMENT

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line, then make your "Bullet" as usual.

AWAY FROM THE.....
WORRIES.....
WORKING FOR.....
THINKS SHE'S.....
NEEDED IN.....
LOOKING AT.....

Result 1,480—First Prize £250 & Celebration Week-end

E. WILLIAMS, 31, SEYMOUR GROVE, OLD TRAFFORD, MANCHESTER.

As Long As We Live In Fear, Inferior Living

£20 and Victory Surprise:
J. Clayton, 45, Monkland View, Bargeddie by Glasgow.
Justice — Nazi "Throw-out," Now "Boomerang."

£10 and Victory Surprise:
R. J. Holland, 1, Tiverton Walk, Fishponds, Bristol.
Thanks To Winston—But *Not* "Blank Cheque"!

10 of £5:
A. Baker, 22, Carter Av., Tang Hall, York.
When They Return—My Wash, My Gosh!
Mrs. Bayliffe, 144, Vulcan Street, Oldham.
Listening To The Wireless—Patient Forget *Other* Pain!
F. Brown, 60, Hazellville Road, Hornsey Rise, London, N.19.
Listening To The Speeches—Men—To *Voices*, Women.
Mrs. C. Cansfield, 5, Lenton Villas, Idle, Bradford.
Listening To The Election—"Barrage"—Looking For "Searchlight."
Cpl. C. M. Holmes, R.A.O.C., Buckingham.
Has To Be Anchored—Joint, Now Flies Increasing!
S. A. Lucas, 115, Regent Rd., Morecambe.
Worth A Thought—Nationalisation—Study Post-office Nib!
S. G. Rooke, 83, Llewellyn St., Port Talbot
Worth A Smile—Passer-by—Life's "Passing By."
A. Soutar, c/o Jeffrey, 27, Murray Place, Stirling.
Look Out, Japan—Monsoon Of Men, Soon!
Miss N. Walker, 1525, Dumbarton Road, Glasgow.
As Long As We Live—*Ballot-paper* May "Mark" *Us.*
A. E. Wallis, 2, Holboro' Terrace, Snodland, Kent.
Children Of To-day—"Know Onions," Not Bananas.

A list of 10 winners of £2 10s., 50 of 10s., and 200 of 2s. 6d. can be seen at these offices. 1,500 Merit Awards have been posted.

CHEQUES AND PENS WON IN XWORD 432
WINNING WORDS—1. Union. 2. Will. 3. Take. 4. Rails. 5. Dig. 6. Downs. 7. Hue. 8. Carved. 9. Poets. 10. Cell. 11. Team. 12. Bards. 13. Dice. 14. Fed.
£50 SHARERS—Tpr. H. J. Brown, Ward 5, New Cross Hospital, Wolverhampton; S.S.M. H. Wilson, c/o Well'eld House West, Todmorden, Lancs. Each in addition receives Fountain Pen as offered.
RUNNERS-UP Awards, value £25, shared between 38 Runners-up.

RULES 1.—Bullets First Prize will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. 2.—The Editor undertakes that all entries in **Bullets** shall receive careful consideration by a staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value **6d.** for two **Bullets**, or **1s.** to cover four. Two free **Bullets** allowed with each four paid and plain paper entries are allowed. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces half-rate if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries accepted only on condition that result of this week's Contest published in JOHN BULL dated July 21, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and families not eligible.

ADDRESS COUPON: "BULLETS" No. 1,484, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, W.C.2 (Comp.).

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid "Bullets." IF PREFERRED, USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

2 FREE "BULLETS"
With 6 'Bullets' you may enclose extra 2 free on plain paper, coupon size.

P.O. Value.....
No. .....

"BULLETS" No. 1,484
CLOSING POSTMARK MONDAY, JULY 2

For JULY 14 DOUBLE "BULLETIN," ENCLOSE 2½d. STD. ADD. ENVELOPE

write to JOHN BULL about it

Returned Prisoner of War is Still in "Prison"

He's too young for his future career to be decided on a magistrate's decision. How to become a chiropodist in Scotland. Their happiness depends

"I AM WRITING on behalf of a friend who has just returned after five years as a prisoner of war. He is aged twenty-seven, but his parents are very religious and will not allow him to smoke, to go to the pictures, or even to visit friends which are not of their choosing. He hardly dares to joke or laugh in the presence of the family.

"He would be grateful for your advice, but is afraid to write to you himself because his parents open his letters."

It is incredible that a man of twenty-seven, who has served in the Army and been a prisoner of war, should be so completely dominated by his parents. No doubt he allows it out of respect for them, and from a desire not to hurt their feelings. But he is a responsible adult and ought to lead his own life. Of course he should smoke, visit friends, go to the pictures, and so on, just as often as he chooses.

The only thing for him to do is to stand up to his parents, and to do these things when he wishes. If his parents refuse to see reason, he will have to break away from the prisoner existence of his home. At least there is no danger of his being "shot while attempting to escape." And parents should certainly not open the letters of grown-up sons or daughters. In my opinion, that sort of supervision should cease at the latest when they reach the age of fifteen.

"I AM AN ENGINEER by trade, earning just over £5 a week. I have two children. The elder, aged 4½, will be beginning school soon. My wife and I would like him to become a teacher, and he already shows great promise for his age in his lessons.

"We thought of sending him to a 'prep.' school, but we should like some advice regarding schools and expenses. We had only elementary educations ourselves and want to give our children the best possible training we can afford."

If I were you I should not think in terms of school fees. In the normal way your boy will go to a nursery or infant school, proceed to a primary school at the age of seven, and to a secondary school at eleven. He will stay there to sixteen at least.

You pay for this education through taxes and your local rates, and your boy will be taught by fully qualified teachers. If he has the qualities needed for the teaching profession he will be sent to a grammar school and later to a university.

But it is much too early to make up your mind what his future career will be. You dream of his becoming a teacher—but when the time comes he may hate the whole idea. Wait ten years before attempting to plan his career.

"I AM IN THE NAVY and very much want to marry a girl whom I have known for several years. Unfortunately, she is not yet twenty-one and her father (her mother is dead) has taken a dislike to me recently, though he will not say why. I am sure he will not give his consent to the marriage. He makes her do all the work of the house in addition to earning a living. Is there anything I can do to get her away from home? My mother would

be glad to have her to live with her. And can we be married without her father's consent?"

As the girl is over sixteen she is entitled to lead her own life. She is free to leave home if she wishes. You can marry her by securing the consent of a Magistrates' Court. You will have to appear together and convince the magistrates that you are a sensible young couple who fully understand the responsibilities of marriage. Whether permission is given or refused depends upon the impression you make when you are interviewed. For particulars of when the court is sitting and the procedure, ask at a police station in your town.

"I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN interested in the medical profession, but I realise that I cannot become a doctor because of the expense and length of training needed. However, in order to take up a profession at least somewhat similar in interest, I have saved hard and now wish to become a qualified chiropodist. How do I set about it?"

As you are in Scotland, I suggest that you write to the secretaries of the Edinburgh School of Chiropody, 81, Newington Road, Edinburgh, and the Glasgow and West of Scotland College of Chiropody, for details of their courses of training and charges. It may give you a guide when I tell you that the chief training centre in London conducts a course of training which costs ninety guineas and takes two years to complete.

Pensioners in Canada

B. R., Blackpool: Owing to currency restrictions, a contributory old age pension is not at present payable to any person who left this country for Canada after October 9, 1940, as exit permits have not been granted to persons who left this country since that date unless a declaration has been signed that no application to transfer funds to Canada would be made. In such a case, however, the pensioner may appoint an agent to receive payment in this country or allow the pension to accumulate until the restrictions are removed.

H. K., Stepney: When your son attends for medical examination, he can state that he wishes to appeal to the Military Service (Hardship) Committee for postponement of liability to serve in H.M. Forces. A form for this purpose is obtainable at the examination centre or at an Employment Exchange. The application must be made at the time of medical examination or within two days after, and must be based on hardship grounds.

T. C., Glasgow.—Your son can only be released from the Forces in accordance with his age and Service group unless he is given the option to transfer to industry under Class B for urgent work of reconstruction. If he is nominated for transfer in this class, he will be so informed by his Commanding Officer.

J. L., Greenock: Normally a claim for compensation must be made within six months of the accident, but if you can prove that you have a reasonable excuse for the delay, the time may be extended. It would be advisable to obtain a full medical report and ascertain whether your doctor is prepared to state that your condition is due to, or has been, aggravated by the accident.

P. M., Brighton: A married woman of any age with household responsibilities can leave her employment. If, however, it is scheduled under the Essential Work Order she must apply to the National Service Officer at the local Employment Exchange for permission to leave. No obstacle should be placed in the way of her release.

X-WORD CASH, RADIO, PENS

£50 and Radio for outright winner. Other prizes value £25 and Fountain Pens. On plain paper, give IN INK 14 completed words answering Clues below.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers submitted—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules.

1. Village cricketers don't mind this so much—DU□K. 2. It's easier to pick hole in political candidate who talks this—□OT. 3. There ought to be no difficulty about breaking this—STE□. 4. Certain kind of this prevents a man seeing far ahead—□OOD. 5. Music may strike such a note—BR□VE. 6. People won't this so much when peace-time lighting returns—GRU□BLE. 7. Good fire in grate burns this in time—LO□. 8. May well prove too strong for puppy—□EAT. 9. To produce this grass, ground must be moist—RIC□. 10. Smell of this affects its flavour—□ISH. 11. May pierce easily when sharp—T□NE. 12. To preserve peace, some peoples may have to be prepared to—BLE□D. 13. It's a pity when a man can't be jolly unless busy making—□IN. 14. Don't make too much fuss about—BA□BLE.

Entry Fee—6d. (stamps or P.O.) per TWO sets of Answers. To receive Xword Gazette dated July 14 with **Bulletin** Double Number, enclose 2½d. stamped envelope addressed to yourself. Closing postmark—**MONDAY, July 2.**

ADDRESS ENTRY: Xword 436, John Bull, Long Acre, W.C.2 (Comp.).

XWord No. 432 Result below "Bullets" Winners.

JOHN BULL SERVICE

SEND YOUR general queries (except medical) to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Personal problems should be sent to "Humanist" at the same address. Stamp for reply, please.

Grants to ex-Servicemen and dependants are made by JOHN BULL'S War Sufferers' Fund (registered under the War Charities Act, 1940), Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

WHAT *REALLY* HAPPENED

the **TRUTH** about

King Charles and Nell Gwynn

The hist'ry books are most unkind
(at least, we've always reckoned)
They say too much of
Miss Nell Gwynn
Was seen by Charles the Second.
'Tis most unjust. We must protest.
King Charles was no lounge lizard.
Why did he visit
Nelly Gwynn?
His EKCO set
was wizard!

EKCO

FOR *TRUE* RECEPTION

WINDOWS CLEAN IN A JIFFY!

I pour some Windolene on to a soft cloth...

Spread it over the whole window—it forms a white film...

Let it dry a moment, give a quick polish—and the glass sparkles

What — clean windows the old bucket-and-water way! Not us, say busy housewives everywhere. It's Windolene, and no more hard rubbing for them. Windolene cleans in a jiffy — removes all grease and dirt, gives a rich, lasting gloss. It's just as good for mirrors and picture glass, too.

Windolene

CLEANS WINDOWS EASILY

4326

LET ME BE YOUR FATHER

You need help and Fatherly advice in difficult times like these. I am in the position to give that to you free.

We teach nearly all the Trades and Professions by Post, in all parts of the World. Distance makes no difference. The most progressive and most successful Correspondence College in the World.

If you know what you want to study, write for prospectus. If you are undecided, write for my fatherly advice. It is free.

Direct mail to:

DEPT. 31,
THE BENNETT COLLEGE,
SHEFFIELD.

MIRACLES OF INVENTION AND DISCOVERY *Great New work!*

HOW THE JET PLANE WORKS
A miniature reproduction of the detailed diagram in this book.
MIRACLES OF INVENTION AND DISCOVERY

Wonders of Penicillin—Deadly microbes mastered—200,000 h.p. Turbines—Rifle which fires under water—Two Miles a Minute by Train—Moon brought within 25 miles—Light piped round corners—Printing Machines which almost think—Marvels of Radio and Television—these are just a few of thousands of wonderful facts in "MIRACLES OF INVENTION AND DISCOVERY" telling, in nearly 70,000 words and over 220 illustrations, including many detailed diagrams, the thrilling story of what we owe to science and engineering.

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SECRETS OF THE JET-PLANE. LAND BATTLESHIPS. MAGIC EYE WHICH STOPS MACHINES. SEEING THE INVISIBLE. CAMERAS WHICH USE INVISIBLE RAYS. WONDERS OF PLASTICS. WONDERS OF TELEVISION. RAYS THAT SEE THROUGH STEEL. SECRETS OF BROADCASTING. MIRACLE OF UNDER-WATER SHIPS. TELEGRAPH THAT TYPES ITS OWN MESSAGES. HOW SCIENCE CONQUERS DISEASE. MARVELS OF MECHANICAL POWER. CABLE-WAYS UNDER CITY AND SEA. CONQUERING THE SKYWAYS. MAKING SOUND IMPERISHABLE. HOW "TALKIES" ARE MADE AND SHOWN. etc., etc.

A **BOOK WITH CARE**
Carriage Paid Home

WRITE CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

TOWN .....

COUNTY .....

If undelivered, return to Book Dept., Odhams Press Ltd., Kings Langley, Herts.

STANDARD EDITION **6/0**
DE LUXE EDITION **7/0**
Strike out Edition not required.

J.R.1. 23/6/45

T.M.I

B

A 1d. (penny) stamp must be affixed for our next Privilege Book offer

NAME .....

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS .....

J.R.1. 23/6/45

Your Dog's Health!

Don't neglect the health of your dog. A regular dose of George Bell's Blood Salts is the up-to-date way of keeping him fit. Bell's Blood Salts provide the extra Vitamin B_1 which dogs need. They act as a tonic and prevent eczema, skin eruptions, scratching and itching, loss of appetite, thirst, constipation, etc. **In packets** of 2 for 9d., from Chemists and Pet Shops everywhere.

Buy a packet to-day while it's on your mind.

★ **If unable to obtain, send P.O. for 2/6 direct to Bell & Sons, Ltd., Veterinary Chemists, Liverpool, 13, for LARGE** packet of **FIFTY Powders.**

GEORGE **BELL'S BLOOD SALTS** for Dogs

★VITAMIN B_1 ADDED

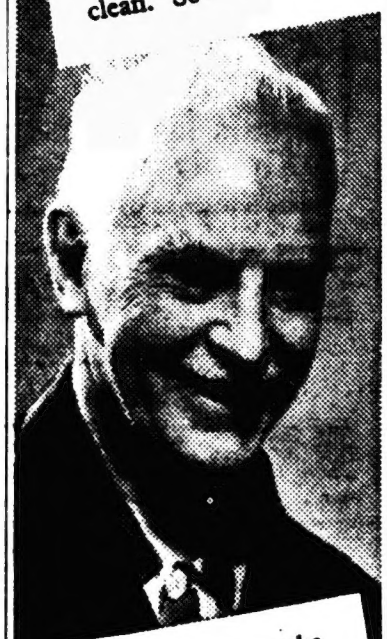
WHEN GOOD TIMES RETURN—SO WILL H. SAMUEL WATCHES!
—and, thanks to our wartime research and experience they'll be finer than ever in design, precision and value.

H.SAMUEL FOR GOOD WATCHES

99 BRANCHES

No Post Orders!
H. SAMUEL LTD., Headquarters:
MARKET STREET, Manchester, 1

You can't be alert and on top of your job if your bloodstream isn't clean. So—



—every morning take

ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"

2/- and 3/6 a bottle (tax inc.)

Phosferine puts new energy into me

"I have been taking Phosferine for Debility and Nerves, and have had great benefit from it. It puts new energy into me whenever I feel out of tune. My mother also has taken Phosferine for a good number of years, and it was on her recommendation I began taking it after my baby was born, with such good results. I am now never without Phosferine."

(*Signed*) D. S., Brixton.

People suffering from nervous debility, or loss of energy need that "toning up" which Phosferine gives and such is the universal experience of this tonic medicine, that it has earned the highest reputation among all classes.

1/4 (No. 1 size) & **3/3** (No. 2 size)
(Including Purchase Tax)
2 Tablets equal 10 drops

PHOSFERINE

So mild

Yet effective in action

Whenever you need a laxative, remember that LIXEN provides an easy, pleasant way to correct irregularity. Prepared from senna pods by a special process which removes harshness, this gentle laxative is equally suitable for children or adults. *LIXEN ELIXIR* in bottles, 2/3, 3/11. *LIXEN LOZENGES*, fruit flavoured, in bottles, 1/8. Purchase Tax included.

LIXEN

THE GOOD-NATURED *Laxative*

Made in England by ALLEN & HANBURYS LTD.

L/54H

For *Immediate* **RELIEF** from..

HEADACHE

Take **Cephos** Regd. See-foss

THE PHYSICIANS' REMEDY

Sold everywhere in Tablet or Powder form, 8 Powders or 16 Tablets 1/3, 21 Powders or 42 Tablets 3/-. Single dose 2d.
Including Purchase Tax.

FOOD FACTS

but the war on WASTE must go on

.... not only because the hungry people of liberated Europe need a share of our food supplies, not only because so many ships are still needed to finish the war in the East — BUT BECAUSE THERE IS A WORLD SHORTAGE OF FOOD. So don't sign an armistice in your war against waste. Every scrap of food must be used.

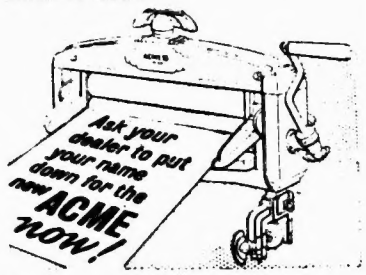
LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN FRONT, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY & FRIDAY, 8.15 a.m.

The Ministry of Food, London, W.1. *Food Facts No. 257*

Of course we're looking forward to new pretty clothes–

But I do think, too, the war has taught us how to care for clothes and make them last. My bet's an Acme. No hard work for me, and no wash-day wear and tear for my clothes either. Mother's keeping all her curtains and blankets till our dealer tells us our Acme's come, because she knows from experience that only with an Acme will she get that perfect cleanliness and finish she desires. Blankets or my "pretties" — she says they're all one to an Acme!

Mother — and you — won't have much longer to wait now! Any time now your dealer will say, "Good news to-day — your Acme's here." For Acme is switching back to this vital production, and women who have seen — or do see now — about being first on the list will have their own wise selves to thank!



GUARD YOUR TEETH... ...Night & Morning

The only way to keep your teeth safe from acid is by regular cleansing. However rushed you may be, you really cannot afford ever to neglect them. So every night and every morning clean your teeth thoroughly with Phillips' Dental Magnesia. This is the one toothpaste which contains 'Milk of Magnesia,'* recommended by dentists to combat acid in the mouth.

Phillips' Dental Magnesia (Regd.)

** 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia*

Checks Perspiration

Be happy in the knowledge that you are free from excessive underarm perspiration and that the risk of your precious frocks being stained is avoided. The surest, most pleasant way of maintaining freshness and preserving frocks is provided by Veet Liquid Deodorant. From Chemists and Stores, 10½d.

VEET *liquid deodorant*

guarantees personal freshness

Another precious aid to daintiness is Veet Hair Removing Cream. Apply under arm direct from tube. Leave 4 minutes. Wash off. Hair gone, leaving no stubble.

Mr. G *says:*

REMEMBER

★BRAIDIO★

YOU WILL HEAR MORE FROM THIS

Nerves and Digestion? ..more Vitamin B

Indigestion often comes from a nervous system starved of Vitamin B. There is only one way to remedy it. Increase the Vitamin B content of your food.

The simplest way, the way that many doctors recommend, is to take two tablets of Phillips Tonic Yeast with your meals. There are no drugs in Phillips Tonic Yeast. It is simply *pure LIVE Yeast* in palatable form. And live Yeast is the **richest natural source of all the B Vitamins.** You will be amazed at the result of this simple, natural way to restore your nervous system. You will sleep better, digest your food better, tire less quickly, feel better in every way. But be sure to ask for 'Phillips' Tonic Yeast. Phillips is the *real live* Vitamin Yeast.

A GENTLEMAN writes:

"... am more than delighted with the results. I am sure it has made a new man of me!—no indigestion, tiredness, or irritability, and I feel a hundred times better, and am positive it is due entirely to your Yeast. My father is a Doctor and he was astounded at the results."

Phillips TONIC YEAST

50 Tablets, 1/3 . . . 150 3/-

A DAB plus
A BRUSH
equals lashings
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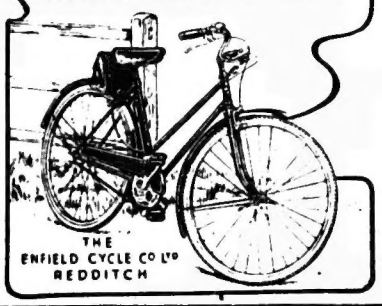

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